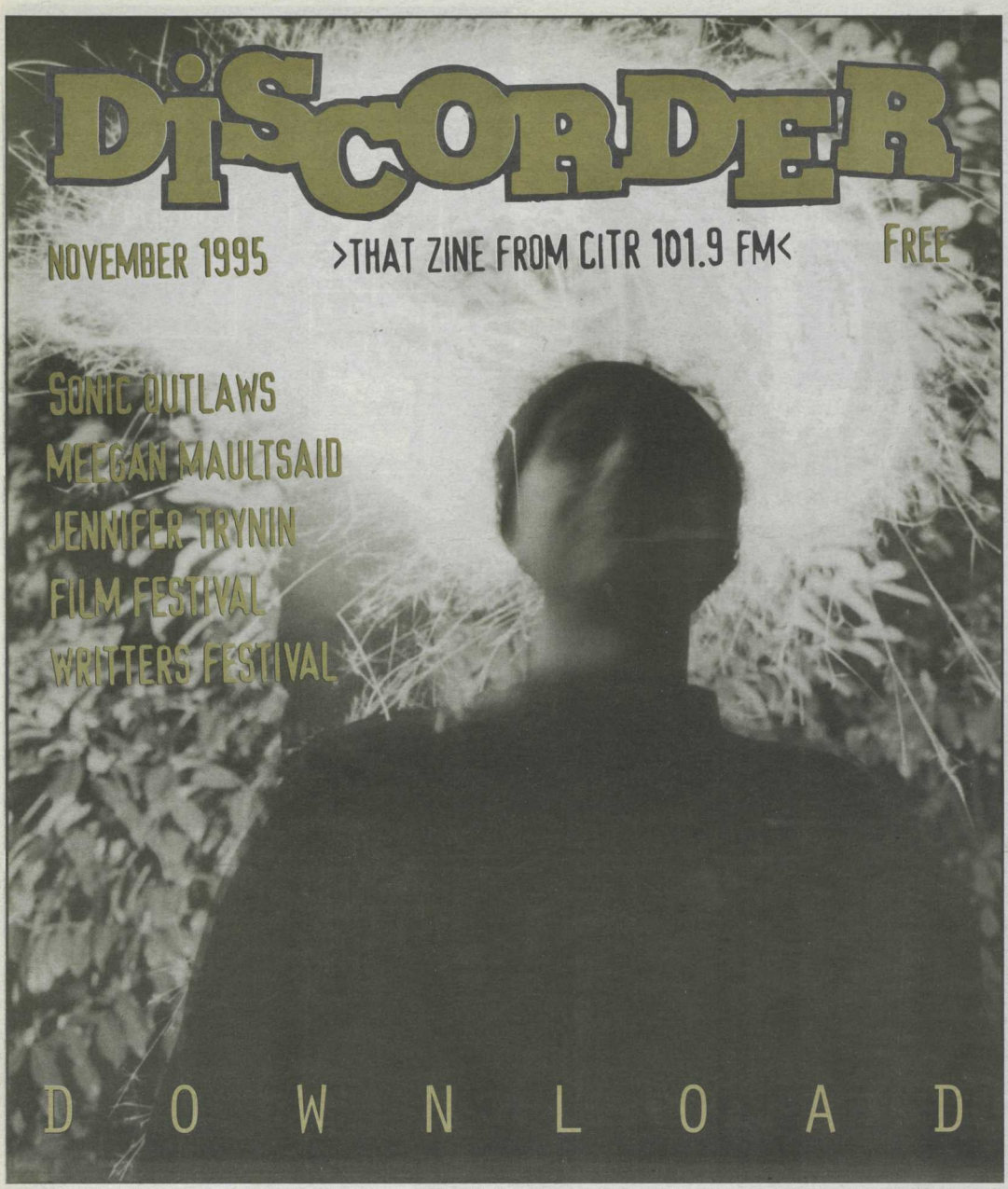
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NOVEMBER 1995
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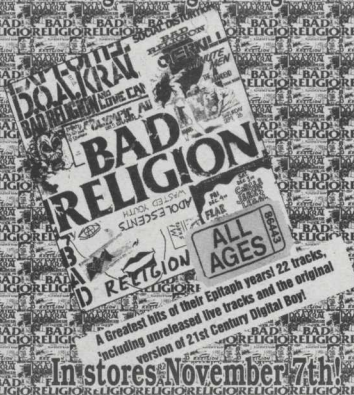

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#154
NOVEMBER 1995

Dis-cover

Local graphic artist guru, MARK "ATOMOS" PILON comes to the rescue again with Download's Mark Spybey.

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LADIES EMBRACE!
ON SALE THIS MONTH:

Behind the scenes lurks Scott, our fun loving computer and internet consultant. Never one to shun a good time, Scott spends his leisure time reading, playing DOOM, singing "MacArthur Park" at karaoke bars, and force feeding diabetics candy canes.

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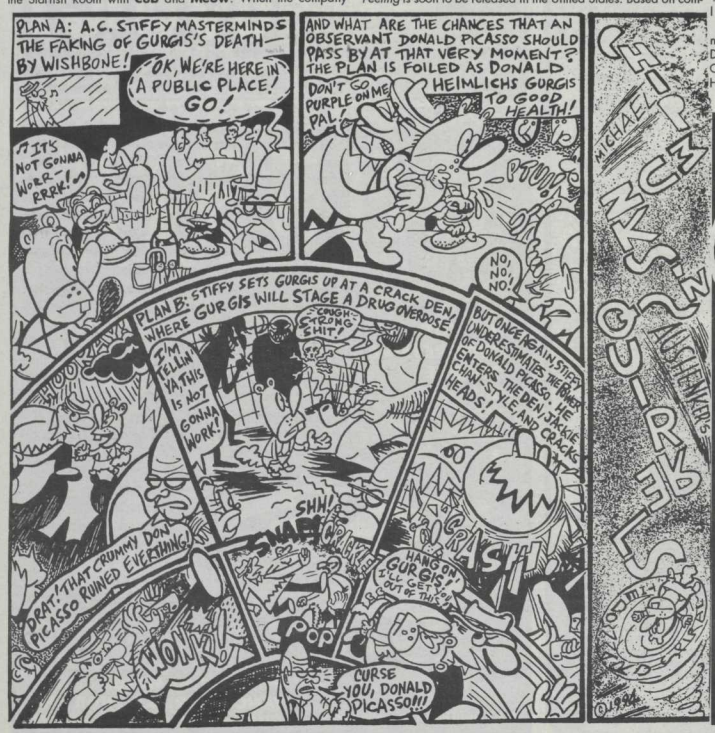
vancouver special

by Brian Wieser & Dale Sawyer

Local Dirt!

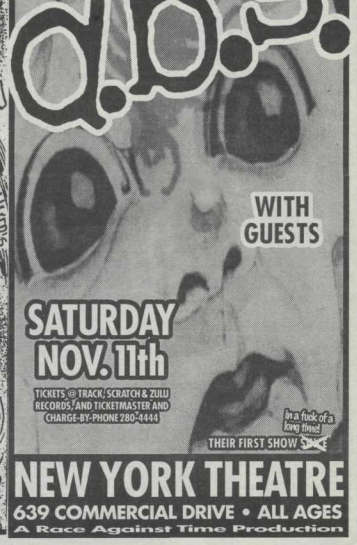
The **Rattled Roosters** will, all things proceeding as they should, be arriving in Los Angeles just as this magazine hits the streets. The band played a farewell gig at the Hungry Eye with the Tonics on October 28, and afterwards headed due south. Apparently it's a "relocation" for an indefinite length of time - they will be using L.A. as a base more than anything as they maintain a hectic road tour. Look for a new Rattled Roosters CD on BangOn/Cargo in about a month or so...**Speedbuggy** have been busily recording and establishing their record label, Chesters Funtime Record Collection. They band is currently recording material for another CD and for a split 7-inch with **Space Kid**, a band who have just relocated to Vancouver from Toronto after being featured in *Impact* magazine...Space Kid share drummer Tony Koelwyn with recent Shindiggers **Kaneva**, a Vancouver band whose sound lies somewhere between Stereolab and cub. Kaneva plan to release their first 7-inch on Chesters sometime soon...In the not-too-distant-future, you might start hearing about a local band called **Limblifter.** With just one gig under their belt, this quote quirky pop unquote band has been signed by Mercury/Polydor. Word has it that Limblifter contains members of another local major label band with an entirely different sound...Imperial Tobacco Co. execs were none too amused when San Francisco's **Pansy Division** decided to customize an Export A Plugged sign before their recent show at the Starfish Room with **Cub** and **Meow**. When the company learned that the band had altered the sign to read 'Export Anus Butt Plugged' they fined the funboythree $50 and threatened to kick them off the tour they were about to embark on with Cub and **Pluto**. A further gesture of Canadian geniality awaited the band in Thunder Bay, ON, where the management of a bar called Crock n Rolls refused to let the openly queer combo take the stage. cub and Pluto promptly cancelled the show in protest...BREAKUPS! BREAKUPS! BREAKUPS! While not exactly local, Winnipeg outfit **Banned From Atlantis** has called it quits, as have Torontonians **Suckerpunch**. While we are at it, this writer was incredibly saddened to learn that Chicago band the **Coctails** have just played their last shows...You may have already heard that **Sloan** - ahem - broke up in July. Obviously they define this sort of activity differently than the rest of us. Since then they have released a 7-inch on Murderecords and have performed twice, once with Juliana Hatfield in Windsor, ON, and just this past month at a surprise performance at the Halifax Pop Explosion...Japan's **Teengenerate** are breaking up too, and what better way to celebrate than play the Hungry Eye?!?! Yep, with **Bum** ,early in November...A big blah blah blah to **Bill Baker** of Mint Records. By the time you read this, he will have pledged his troth to **Rose Melberg** of the Portland, Oregon band the Softies...**knock-down-ginger** are recording a new EP, a follow up to *Snowman's Land* on Zulu Records...**The Rheostatics** were scheduled to play the Railway Club for a three-night stand last month, but cancelled at the last minute. Seems they were offered the chance, obviously too good to refuse, to perform at a National Art Gallery exhibition commemorating the Group of Seven...the **Odds'** CD *Good Weird Feeling* is soon to be released in the United States. Based on comments sent by Americans to various pop-music mailing lists on the Internet, this could be a big break into the US for Steven Drake and co...**Gob** have almost finished their first tour of Canada and parts of the northern United States...**Rose Chronicles** are in the studio recording their second full-lengther for Nettwerk...**Wandering Lucy** will soon be back Olympia, recording material for a full-length release at Dub Narcotic Studios...Fast becoming the scapegoat of our generation, CiTR-type **Nardwuar** was forcibly - and inexplicably - removed from yet another gig, this one being the Def Leppard show at the Commodore Ballroom on October 22. Now how will he ever complete his all-metal special?...Y'all recall that **Pluto** have been signed to Virgin Records? Apparently, the House that Branson built is not quite so fond of other labels releasing Virgin stuff, and has prevented a vinyl release of *Cool Way to Feel* on Munster Records, a Spanish label...Speaking of Spain, los **Smugglers** are storming the Iberian Peninsula this month like Franco never could, with a two week tour...Keep an eye out for a slew of new local releases from the likes of The Velveteens (LP), Hazel Motes 20th (LP entitled *Century Monologue*), the Papillomas (LP entitled Corolla), ten days late (7"), DDT (LP on Shake the Record Label), The Sweaters (LP entitled *Let Me Out* on Nefer records), Sally Cant Dance (LP), DOA and the Showbiz Giants (both on Virgin Records), and Ford Pier (LP).



Demo Reviews!

Welcome to Vancouver Special for the rainy month of November. I hope you all had a good Hallowe'en.

If you're looking for a *3-day Bender*, try some **JP5**, Lotusland's newest supergroup. This rock'n'roll unit includes the likes of ex-Death Sentencer Syd Savage on guitar and former bassist for Slow/Ogre (a Hallowe'en band if there ever was one)/Tankhog Stephen Hamm on the thick strings. Transplanted Winnipegian Gerri-Jenn



Wilson (of the Cane Toads, Spank Machine, Black Eye Buddha, and the Muscle Bitches) fronts this extravaganza with a piercing voice that has your tympanic membrane's name on it, and rounding out the quartet is drummer Kevin Keating. Their six song tape rocks hard, but they can go even harder live, as evidenced by the searing show at DTS on 10/08. Gerri was a guitar-slinging "Angelslug" in Western gear, leaving a trail of lust and longing in the minds of everyone in the room who actually had one. Maybe this will be the gang that blasts onto the big scene and reclaims the international punk trophy and places it back in Vancouver where it belongs.

From the other side of the tracks come **Space Kid** and **Gil**, pop bands roaming territory recently charted by the likes of Weezer, Pluto, and every band from Ontario. Space Kid glean inspiration from '70's TV show reruns, producing hits like "Stevie" (as in Austin, the overpriced man) and "A Million Potsies" ("Don't need drugs/ It's a natural high"). But who actually reigns supreme over this stellar cast of has-been celebs? The hookatron "Molly Ringwald" explains all - those of you who saw *Pretty in Pink* (don't be shy now) will know that we're talking about a once-ubiquitous '80s actor, and not about an irritating skin disease as the name seems to imply. "Molly Ringwald said/I wish John Hughes was dead/ Her hair is red": these lines prove that when Space Kid analyze any sociocultural phenomenon, they go deep. Along similar lines, Gil throw a little bit of Bum flavouring into their sleek pop-rock soup. The big hit on the four-song *Me Mallett* is "Little Sista", whose falsetto chorus convinced me that incest is not so bad after all. Radio-friendly stuff, now in the hands of the most unfriendly radio station in town.

I guess I'll lump **Gleam** and **MK Naomi** together in another coup of pigeon-holing. Gleam come across as kind of like Swervedriver on their 5-song strong *Sparkolator* EP. The best of the bunch are the first two, "Take a Ride" and "Rise", the latter having a God-like riff that hints at what could have happened if someone like Handel played bass. It's a locally-produced Manchester travelogue, so those of you who could actually read through the entirety of articles on Blur vs. Oasis that we've been assaulted with recently in the local papers should "Rise" up and take notice of Gleam. Or MK Naomi for that matter, who also wish they were *Mancunian*. The dreamy, echoey guitars are celestial and recall that lamented '80s band The Chameleons, a group whose string-driven atmospherics should have taken them much further than they went. MK Naomi carry that torch once again, and a fine, smooth-sounding torch it is.

Violet carries on in much the same way as Tiger Beat, of which Violet was half. She also sings and writes songs for the Touch & Gos, but as Violet she's much smokier and subdued. She knows how to sing, and her accompaniment on guitar fleshes out the body of the music. "I Don't Mind" will stick in yours mercilessly, but it's in "(I Step on All the) Cracks" that you get to hear Violet sing "I hate you/La la la la la la la la la la la" so sweetly it makes Melanie ("Brand New Key", 1971) sound like Jarboe (Swans). I kinda wonder if on 'n' has been removed from Violet for consumer palatablity.

I gotta mention **Annie Goodwyne**. At first her *Pastel* cassette sounded too middle-of-the-road for my discerning taste, but she eventually won me over with tales of jilted love and recipes for self-pity. The music, produced by James Bowers, has a similar aesthetic to Tracey Thorn and post-Patsy-possessed k.d. lang. Tom Keenlyside, local session hack, wraps his soprano sax around Annie's clearly-enunciated vocals. The lyrics are great, and they do shitloads to pull you out of a love-soaked blue period. Example: "Thought you'd be my salvation/But it became an exercise in frustration/I got no ammo for retaliation/I think this theme could use some variation". Poor Anniel Find her in the personals under "Women to Anyone".

You like short songs? Short songs stuffed with more ideas than most bands can muster in works three times as long? Then you want **Sturvis**, a band about which I know nothing except their drummer is Aran Bingham, also in the Empties and part of a team called Happily Manitoba (more 'Peggers!) with Manifold's Daniel Jones. The technical footnote here is that Aran never performs without his trademark pullover mask that features antler-like accretions made of the same substance that stuffed animals have as their meat. The singer sounds like he's just as weird, clever disguise or not, and I present tunes like "Lucy" and "Society, Man" as evidence of the overall quirkiness. There's a total of six songs, none of them duds, but they go by so fast that ICBC considers listening to this tape while driving a legitimate claim for whiplash. Vancouver should be seething with bands like this, if only 'cause we're so great, but, alas, it's not.

Let's ice this cake with some **Bloody Worm**, a new local grind outfit that kick down with some great theatre if nothing else. Live, the Lebanese-born singer starts off in sheik's robes, only to quickly doff these so as to better demonstrated his heavy-metal Chicken Dance (I hope he's patented this, or whatever you do when you come up with a new dance). Blistering metal streams from the rest of the band, and there's nothing like seeing the guitarist's right hand become plasma when some BNPM (Billion Notes Per Minute - apologies to Gord Badanic) playing is called for. The singer uses this headbanger palette to apply whatever vocal strokes are called for, from a Napalm Death-like roar to a sort of hard rock crooning not unlike Rob Halford of the Priest. *Go Fuck Yourself's* four songs make pit stops at all the metal cliché pullouts, and paves a new superhighway in doing so. Check 'em out next time they play live and you'll get a helluva show.

All-Ages Shows!

Saturday, November 4: SNFU & Sublime at the Town Pump (2pm)

Saturday, Novemeber 11: d.b.s. at the New York Theatre

Saturday, November 18: The Smugglers, Superfriendz, Zumapano, Squeeky & The Tonebursts at St. James Community Square oops! sorry boys

Come and get 'em!!!

Thanks to those swell folks at Cargo Records, DISCORDER has a shitload **FREE BOOTY** to give away this month. And guess what - you don't even have to answer a dopey question or scour the mag for anyone's severed weenie. Just come up to room 233 of the Student's Union Building at UBC (6138 SUB Blvd) and ask real nice, and you can have your pick of the litter:

Rule 62 - Love and Decline (10 copies)
Feild Day - Friction (10 copies)
Hard Fast & Loud - Fix (10 copies)
China White - Addiction (10 copies)
Chuck - Halaville (5 copies)

cowshead chronicles

the contents of my wallet cause me great concern sometimes. pieces of paper with phone numbers on them. names I don't remember - usually no last name. greg 669-xx89. who the hell is that guy? dates and places printed on the back of paper ripped off cigarette packages. 12xx main st. tues. 8 p.m.??? never been there - not going now or tuesday. it's a distorted road-map of my life. my activities of the last week and all those i may have missed. i have a filofax and use it when i think of it, but often the information on the slips of paper never makes it to the right page. i'm lazy in that sense - i rely on my brain just a little too much. i have been known to have a month's worth of checks from various jobs in my wallet as i wander about wondering why my bank account is dipping so low. the bank's just around the corner but it's not on my way anywhere, and i never just pass by and drop in some money. in my wallet there are three video rental cards - blockbuster (which I don't use just because they're bastards), 24 hour video (which went the way of the dodo), and red hot video, which i can't remember using for at least...oh yeah...nevermind. a bill for $143.25 from commercial electronics for fixing my t.v. a visa bill from topanga cafe for $131.00...must have been a good burrito. my social insurance card 717 860 183. when was the last time i actually needed that card? beaa card - those bastards use a slim jim for everything. carecard - haven't paid for several months, maybe a year. my actra card - never really understood what it does for me. i get a lot of mail from toronto, though. speeding ticket. almost mowed over the cop as he ran out into the street to tell me to pull over on king edward avenue. he came out of the trees like an acid freak at a grateful dead show after the drugs had worn off, and waved at my car as if he needed a ride to the nearest 7-11. i wouldn't do that for just over 30 grand a year. and my birth certificate. may 6, 1964. i'm an old guy and i'll admit it. practically an antique in dog years.

gth

the Vancouver International Writers (& Readers) Festival

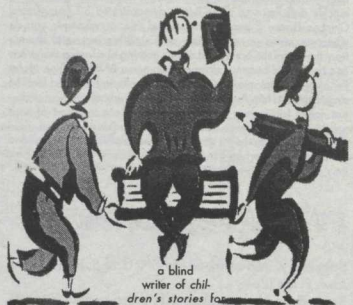
There are any number of ways that you can write about a writers' festival. The least pretentious, and least satisfying, is simply to give a list of events that you were able to sleaze your way into with your press pass, rhyme off the writers that you heard read, and say whether or not, and how much, you enjoyed each one. This approach works very well if you're reviewing something like Music West, because the musicians are in their element, and you're judging them on the basis of what they're supposed to be doing. This is not the case with a writers' festival. Yeah, yeah, readings *do* have a performance aspect to them, and there are individual writers who do justice to their work in the reading, but it's obvious - often painfully so - that most writers are not performers. Any writer will tell you that writing and public reading are essentially different activities, and that, particularly for fiction writers, the real substance of the work is on the page. A discussion of public readings thus threatens to dissolve into descriptions of what so-and-so *looks like*, or what such-and-such was *wearing*. In short, something about as relevant as a 'society column' in the *Vancouver Sun*. So an imaginative, well-organised journalist would recognise the shortcomings of this approach. Such a journalist would have known which writers she wanted to hear long in advance, would have read their work, would have got interviews with the most interesting writers, and thereby used the festival as a resource for a series of articles lasting the next 10 issues or so. Clearly I am neither imaginative, nor well-organised. The only option left to the unimaginative and disorganised columnist, then, is pretentious pseudo-anthropological rant.

This is the attitude I brought with me when I covered the Vancouver International Writers (and Readers) Festival. And, in this regard, a few pebbles did get lodged in the bottom of my tiny brain. I dismissed the want of apostrophes around either 'Writers' or 'Readers' in the Festival logo, deciding that it says more about my gramm-anal-ticks (left me by a despotic English teacher) than the festival itself. I'm sure many of the world's best organisational minds find the possessive case baffling; why should the people at the Writers Festival be any different? Other nuggets abraded me for the duration, though, like unrealised metaphors for something.

All festivals have a tribal quality - inevitable when you assemble a mob of people who have the same fixations. The Writers Fest tribe is distinct from those of the Fringe or Lollapalooza, though. Absent are the obvious symptoms: the piercings, tattooings, and brandings of alternative culture. It is a curiously buttoned-down tribalism, the type that sees boring people pay a year's salary for healing journey weekends to Haida Gwai. The breathtaking number of middle-aged ladies (I imagine them all to be from the outlying suburbs for some reason), sitting with such placid attentiveness, made each reading more like a High Anglican Mass than a tribal gathering.

Worshipful audience members aside, the readings I took in generally lacked that irritating confessional quality that I secretly hoped to be subjected to. Only the appropriately named Jim Grimsley, whose North Carolina accent gave his reading the air of a fundamentalist sermon, exuded that straight-faced emotional intensity that makes cynics squirm. This was difficult to avoid, given the subject matter of his novel *Dream Boy*, 'a tale of gay adolescent love.' Equally earnest and angst-ridden was Newfoundland's Bernice Morgan, reading excerpts from her novels *Random Passage* and *Waiting for Time*. This stuff, especially the material in the second book which is set during the cod-fishing moratorium, irritated me beyond belief, but for personal reasons. Coming from Newfoundland myself, I have little patience for the introspective 'God aren't we miserable/don't you feel sorry for us' approach to fiction, regardless of how lyrically it's written. Ken McGoogan's novel *Calypso Warrior*, on the other hand, was less irritating than outright painful, both for its 'content' (the Albertan treated us, with appropriate theatricality, to a fight scene between two anglos and a gang of francophones in a Montréal boozecan) and its 'style' (as my escort for the event noted, "It reads like an instruction manual"). After the reading that featured McGoogan, along with five other writers, I eavesdropped on a spirited discussion between a couple of myaged people about who was more tedious to listen to, McGoogan or Philip Margolin. Personally my vote stays with McGoogan. My lack of interest in Margolin (the best selling author of *After Dark*, and a criminal lawyer in Portland) had more to do with my loathing for 'crime novels,' though I wasn't exactly enraptured by the lawyering seminar he delivered before reading. This sort of genre-specific boredom also characterised my response to Rosemary Sullivan's biographical work *Shadowmaker: The Life of Gwendolyn MacEwen*. But of the five authors I mention here, the only one I'd actively discourage anyone from picking up is McGoogan; the other four just put me off because they seemed to take themselves too seriously. The rest of the readers I heard operated, or at least *tried* to operate, according to Louis de Bernières' credo, 'keep it funny; it sells more books.'

Selling more books was the recurring motif of the readings I attended. On opening night, de Bernières read a hilarious short story called 'Labels,' which has been published in Britain as a chap-book. I asked the Englishman if it was available in Canada and, grinning broadly, he responded, "No. I had this published in a limited edition with the intention of making a great deal of money with it." At first I wanted to attribute this frank acquisitiveness to Margaret Thatcher, and too many years of Tory rule in Britain. But as the festival unfolded I heard several readers remind the audience, a little sheepishly, that copies of their latest books were on sale at the on-site bookstore. For their part, shrewd festival organisers always assured audience members that copies of a given reader's book could be purchased *and signed* at the venue. But the most impressive gestures were made by Canadian writers. At one late afternoon reading I was charmed out of my baleful lethargy by the story-telling verve of Ontario's Jean Little,



a blind writer of *children's stories* for Christ sake. But my smile turned wry at the end of 'Jenny and the Hanukkah Queen,' when, clapping her hands delightedly, Little added, as if in dénouement, "I think I'm going to make a fortune with this story." There's more than a bit of irony in Little's avarice; the idea of any writer making a fortune in Canada, where 1% of the population voluntarily buys and reads the work of its writers per year, is pretty much the *stuff* of a children's story. The most crass gesture I witnessed took place as I lurked outside Performance Works before The World on Stage—which sported by far the most impressive and varied assortment of writers I've ever seen in one venue. I was pretending to read over my notes from the previous show, trying to look appropriately journalistic, when a certain Alberta-based writer emerged from within and stood a few feet away from me. I thought about talking to him for a second, but then dismissed the idea because I couldn't think of anything good to say about his work. I returned to my notes, looking up in time to see him accosting people as they walked towards the box office, trying to scalp his comps. Remembering that *Discorder* is a tabloid, I took out my pen and started to scribble.

Unfortunately, contrary to the demands of tabloid journalism, I was more impressed than pissed off by the writers I saw. For all his cheerful insistence that he was in it for the bucks and not the suffering, Louis de Bernières was one of the festival highlights for me. I heard him read on two evenings and was initially struck by his stage presence - he seems to enjoy reading more than any writer I've seen in years, and when he wasn't smiling in anticipation of one of the funny bits, he'd be hushing the laughter or demanding that a chortling audience member be removed: "She's obviously had too much to drink." After enjoying the humour of 'Labels,' I was able to sample his more serious prose, an excerpt from *Captain Corelli's Mandolin*. Having heard both sides of his fiction, I was overwhelmed by the subversive power of his words, by their ability to be as disarmingly engaging as they are poetically moving.

The ability to appear unpretentious, to provide a framework of wit for their writing, even if it wasn't necessarily funny (even if it was a tactic to sell more books), marked most of the writers I saw from abroad. The Australian Peter Carey, reading from *The Unusual Life of Tristan Smith*, was the only reader who made me wish he would read more, a feat accomplished as much by his making fun of the ten minute rule as by the beauty of his writing. Like Carey, most of the other non-Canadians I heard either chose to read humorous bits of their work, or proved extremely entertaining in prefacing it. The former can be said of Gerhard Köpf (I'll let you guess where he's from), who read from *Papa's Suitcase*, an odd novel about a bookseller who believes - among other things - that the bookseller's responsibility is to protect the book from the undeserving buyer. The skills of the raconteur were especially evident in Britain's Joanna Trollope, reading from *The Best of Friends*, but her writing didn't live up to her great wit in framing her work and in interacting with the audience. Interestingly, Trollope shared the stage with Toronto's Barbara Gowdy, whose writing was as assured and evocative as her stage presence was tentative.

I heard three writers with the label 'USA' attached to their names, and all three were striking in their own way. Dany Laferrière, who seemingly also lives in Quebec and Haiti, was the only black writer to attend the festival this year, the only writer I saw who read in French, and, consequently, the only one who made me feel inadequate. Laferrière's decision to read in French mystified many in the room, not least the two-thirds or so of the audience who couldn't understand a word he was saying. But even those who could follow his introduction, and the poems that followed, thought it strange that Laferrière would not read in English - so much for that myth of bi-lingualism. The most outrageously entertaining writer at the festival this year was also a yank. Cynthia Heimel is a Brooklyner living in LA and she embodies all of the stereotypes of loud promiscuity that we hold about Americans. Heimel will never win the Pulitzer, but she's an awful lot of fun, as a few of her book titles would suggest: *If You Leave Me Can I Come Too?, Get Your Tongue out of My Mouth, I'm Kissing You Good-Bye*, and *If You Can't Live Without Me, Why Aren't You Dead Yet?* 'Nuff said. I had a chance to listen to Richard Ford, author of *Independence Day*, in conversation with Alison Gordon, but unfortunately, contrary to what I expected, Ford did not read at this event. Consequently all I can say is that Ford is *said* to be a great writer, and he seems like a swell guy too, though I'm glad I didn't have to pay the ten bucks to find that out. I do regret not having heard Karen Connelly, Alberta's wünderkind, in action. Connelly, the impetuous over-achiever who won the 1993 Governor General's award when she was *twenty-four*, didn't show up at the reading she was slotted to participate in on 19 October. Apparently she's not a slacker, though: her plane didn't actually land in Vancouver until the 20th.

Though I missed Karen Connelly, it's clear she's not the only talented writer in this country, and three Canadian writers made me want to go out and ask the publisher to send me review copies—I can't afford to *buy* them, can I? This sentiment is long overdue in the case of Audrey Thomas; she has written thirteen novels and the only thing I've read is her name. I heard her read from her latest novel, *Coming Down From Wa*, on two evenings, and both readings highlighted Thomas' keen eye for detail and steady hand with comic pacing. The book places a young Canadian man in contemporary Ghana, on a quest for his personal origins. It's an interesting premise, and Thomas' descriptive scenes are vividly drawn. But I couldn't help but find it a little predictable that a book about a Canadian in Africa feels compelled to mention crowded buses, yams, and hockey. I was most taken by two of the younger Canadian writers at the festival, neither of whom is 'young' at all. Wayson Choy's *The Jade Peony*, the story of a boy growing up in Vancouver/Chinatown during the Second World War, intrigued me not only because it's so close to home, but because of Choy's success in capturing the humour in the family's individual voices. The writer who most aroused my interest, though, was Barbara Gowdy. Gowdy's *Mr. Sandman* is a novel that renders a family 'from the perspective of everybody.' This rendering, at least the first ten pages or so, is by turns familiar and eccentric, lyrical and taut with wit and humour - the father, for instance, lives by the axiom 'Truth is a version,' as does the mother, though she always misreads it as 'Truth is aversion.'

Two impressions remain with me as I look back on my anthropological expedition into the Vancouver International Writers (and Readers) Festival. The first is that, true to the aesthetic of its Granville Island venue, the festival is driven by market principles as much as artistic ones. The second is that, though we might not wish to see them reduced to a commodity, the goods at the centre of it all, the words, are largely worth buying. They are certainly worth reading.

by Jim Quilty

Film Vancouver Festival

by Les Vegas

It starts like this: I run, screaming, through the streets of this town. This, the third largest movie-making city on the North American continent (not relevant now, but somehow, weirdly, connective to the premise of this article), bemoaning my quasi-permanent unemployed status - largely a result of my grotesque overqualification for the shitwork, menial, mindless dough-boy tasks I seek to provide me with a small amount of sustenance & distraction - and staring down the only prospect of its termination: namely, an application form for employment at a large, multi-store caffeine institution whose palaces of stimulant dot this city like so pimples on the ass of the world. The application form requires me to come up with wordy, witty, brilliant descriptions of my favourite coffee-drinking experiences and why I would just love to work for them. Give me a break, for seven bucks an hour all you need to know is that I have a pulse. Clearly, some sort of respite from all this pressure was needed, a haven, a refuge...a Film Festival!

The Fourteenth Annual Vancouver International Film Festival to be precise, two weeks of high drama, bawdy comedy, pretentious Eurotwaddle, and what quickly became four of the most innocuously annoying trailers ever committed to celluloid. (Oh sure, they were funny the first time round, but by the second week of the festival I was waking up in the middle of night, my sheets soaked with perspiration and my brain seared by visions of corpulent ex-Communists coated in molasses, babbling on about bottoms and chocolates and the inherent threat to democracy posed by the prospect of Tom Hanks winning yet another Oscar...) Regrettably, I was only able to see a handful of films during the first week of the festival, but I endeavoured to compensate for my negligence by seeing as many movies as my tush could handle for the remainder of the festival. I would have liked to review all of them, but the editor of this rag only gave me this one (not even) measly page to work with. So, for what it's worth, here goes...

Ballot Measure 9
(USA, Dir: Heather MacDonald)
Given my admitted to desire to escape reality at this year's film festival, it seems somewhat ironic that the film's which made the greatest impression on me were the documentaries. The best of the bunch that I saw was Heather MacDonald's *Ballot Measure 9*, an intelligent, inspiring and frequently disheartening look at the two sides involved in Oregon's 1992 "culture war", a battle instigated by the Oregon Citizen's Alliance with their ballot initiative to deny gays and lesbians *protection from discrimination and to have the 'gay lifestyle' recognized* by law as "abnormal, wrong, unnatural and perverse." Eschewing overdubs or any sort of imposed narrative structure, MacDonald lets the two sides tell their own stories, and the result is a portrait of intelligent, articulate and courageous opponents of the initiative on one side, and of bigoted, irrational, and frequently absurd supporters on the other. (The sight of fervent right-wing Christians in bad leisure suits spouting paranoid fantasies about queers getting their jollies by chucking shit at each other would be downright hilarious if it weren't for the very real violence these denizens of ignorance inspire, if not actively encourage.) There are always more than two sides to any one issue, however, and it is MacDonald's recognition of the complexity of her subject, as evidenced by her concentration on individual experiences and personal accounts, that gives the film its resonance. It is to the director's credit that she is always able to keep the people at the centre of her film, as opposed to the highly contentious issues.

Who's Counting? Marilyn Waring on Sex, Lies and Global Economics
(Canada, dir: Terre Nash)
A close second on my Best Of list, ex-Vancouverite Terre Nash's latest effort is less a documentary *per se* than a vehicle for bringing former Kiwi MP and self-taught global economist Marilyn Waring's message to a larger audience. Some may berate Nash for the film's lack of critical context, but if one accepts the validity of activist cinema - a genre to which this film undeniably belongs - than one can't but praise the director for this intelligent and incredibly inspiring work. Waring's theory of economics can be loosely defined as radical pragmatism, based as it is on the reality of everyday life - something her (mostly) male counterparts have little conception of. In an ideal world this film would be required viewing in any university economics class (well, in a *really* ideal world this film would be unnecessary); as it is, you might be lucky to see it on the Knowledge Network someday.

Heaven-6-Box
(Japan, dir: Oki Hiroyuki)
The beauty of having a pass, especially a free press pass, is that you are under absolutely no obligation to stick around at a shitty movie. Unless of course you're sitting in the middle of the row with five or six people on either side of you and, being the polite North Van boy that you are, you lack the gumption to make all those people sit up in their seats to let you pass. Never again will I attend a movie that was "commissioned...to mark the opening of the new Museum of Art." Mind-numbing crap.

Suite 16
(Belgium, dir: Dominique Deruddere)
A sordid tale about a grumpy young hustler who's bad temper forces him to take refuge in a residential suite occupied by a kinky invalid. Chock full of gratuitous sex, coke snorting, violence, and really bad manners, *Suite 16* definitely has NO REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE, which is always a plus in my books. Unfortunately, it also has NO REDEEMING ARTISTIC VALUE, and unless watching a movie about a guy in a wheelchair watching a guy with really bad manners poke every hooker on the Cote d'Azur is your idea of fun, avoid it at all costs.

Parallel Sons
(USA, dir: John G. Young)
Made for a scant, $80,000 this assured debut from American director John D. Young just goes to show what you can do with a halfway decent script and a couple of talented actors. Bored and restless in upstate New York, twenty year old Seth (Gabriel Mick) is obsessed with *black culture and the idea of escaping to the big city. Into his life* comes Knowledge (Laurence Mason), an escaped con and the first real live black person Seth has ever seen. A dubious storyline to be sure, but Young handles his own script well, and both of his lead actors are excellent. There are some huge holes in the plot, and Young's characterizations do have their limits, but the film's emotional complexity is a rare commodity.

Gonin
(Japan, dir: Ishi Takashi)
The only one of the three Japanese yakuza gangster playing at the festival that *I managed to see, Gonin didn't exactly endear me to* the genre. Ultra-stylish and ultra-violent, the film is often confusing and ultimately unsatisfying, lacking as it does any emotional grounding. Sure, I knew who the goods guys were, but Takashi never gave me any reason to care.

The Addiction
(USA, dir: Abel Ferraro)
The criminally under-appreciated Lili Taylor gives a sublime turn as an angst-ridden NYU student who gets bitten by a vampire, leaving her with an insatiable thirst for blood and existential philosophy. Dark and moody, Abel Ferrara's meditation on the nature of addiction and the meaning of life may be a bit too slow-paced and pretentious for some, but fans of Sartre, Dostoyevsky, and film noir won't be disappointed.

Sadistic City
(Japan, dir: Hiroki Ryuichi)
According to the festival guide, *Sadistic City* is supposed to be a "very grown-up movie about sex, sexual fantasy, non-conformity and self-delusion." Last Tango in Paris was also supposed to be a "very grown-up movie about sex, sexual fantasy, non-conformity and self-delusion", and I found that film just as tedious as this one. I suppose it's because I'm not very grown-up yet, but I just don't find the mid-life crises of unattractive, middle-aged men (who are invariably bastards) to be all that interesting.

Art for Teachers of Children
(USA, dir: Jennifer Montgomery)
Reminiscent of bad 70s porn *sans*, for the most part, the sex, this quasi-documentary proves that just because the FBI once came banging at your door demanding to know about the affair you had with an alleged child pornographer when you were 14, you aren't necessarily qualified to make a movie about it. Director Jennifer Montgomery demonstrates not a whiff of aptitude for film-making and seems to be completely unaware of even the most basic narrative conventions. To top it off, she doesn't even have an opinion to express.

Flow
(USA, dir: Quentin Lee)
I'll give Quentin Lee credit for being a savvy player. Realizing the unliklihood of getting any one of his four mediocre student shorts onto the festival circuit, he stuck them all together and slapped on a half-assed, pseudo-biographical framework to hold it all together. Presto! Instant feature. Well, you can dress them up all you want, but mediocre student films still play like mediocre student films, which means that the kindest praise you can bestow upon them is to say that the director has potential. Quentin Lee has potential. He paid attention in his film history class and can ape almost any genre. And his mom even likes him enough to show up at the end of his movie to say a few kind words. And *that's* that.

Sister My Sister
(Great Britain, dir: Nancy Meckler)
Deliciously wicked and at times intensely claustrophobic, this finely crafted tale of incest and murder features excellent performances from all of its leads, and particularly Julie Walters as the overbearing Madame Danzard. Opening with a shot of the homicidal aftermath, the film spends the next 80 minutes convincing the audience that the murderers were completely justified in commiting their crimes. Fun for the whole family.

Total Eclipse
(USA, dir: Agnieszka Holland)
As much as I wanted to like this movie, being an admirer of both male waif du jour Leonardo DiCaprio and French Symbolist enfant terrible Arthur Rimbaud (for very different reasons, as you might well imagine), I knew deep in my heart that I would hate it. And I did - sort of. *Holland's film has many problems, not least of which is the fact that* precocious Hollywood brats, even those as talented as Leonardo, do not have the capacity to convey poetic genius. Especially French poetic genius, given that the only shared trait of the American and the French temperaments is a predilection for flirting with global destruction. Strutting about Paris in designer rags, puffing awkwardly on his ever-present pipe, DiCaprio comes off as a wise ass young punk with the confidence that comes from an awareness of his status as an object of desire. He never seems particularly poetic, though, nor particularly French - especially since he has the only American accent in the whole movie.

The film's biggest problem, however, is Christopher Hampton's melodramatic script, combined with Holland's uninspired and overly sentimental direction. One would be hard-pressed to find any evidence that either Hampton or Holland has ever actually read the work of their subjects, with the exception of an occasional line of poetry tossed in *as dialogue*, for Christ's sake. This failure to acknowledge, let alone understand, the poets' artistic philosophies, particularly Rimbaud's, undermines the entire film, as it denies the two men any real motivation for their otherwise inexplicably cruel and callous behaviour. Holland and Hampton also fail to develop the poets' relationship at all, and, with the exception of the scene of their first kiss, the two men never seem to the least bit in love.

For all its faults (I could go on at even greater length), *Total Eclipse* does feature fine, if flawed, performances form its two leads (Naked's David Thewlis is especially good as the pathetically weak-willed Verlaine). The less you know about the subject matter, however, the more likely you will enjoy the film.

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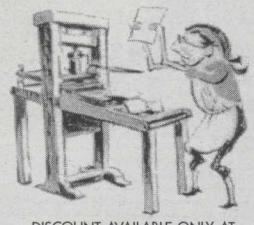

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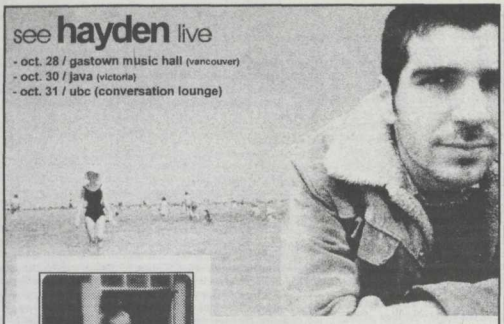

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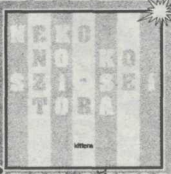

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Jennifer Trynin

This could have been an interview with a Next Big Thing from a major label facing down accusations of a sellout amidst questions about her music. Instead it was an interview with Jennifer Trynin, her bassist Mike County and drummer Chris Foley, all three of whom were probably among the most intelligent, interesting and affable people you could hope to meet. They play! They sing! They talk about O.J.!

By Sophie Hamley

DiSCORDER: What brings you back to Vancouver so soon? You just played the Starfish Room about three or so months ago...
Jennifer: That was one of the last dates of our original tour when we were headlining, and now we're out on the road opening for Buffalo Tom. So we just go anywhere they go - here they are, so here we are.

Do you enjoy the touring life?
Jennifer: I like it more now 'cause I know what to expect. At the beginning, it was very confusing. There were a million interviews all the time, constantly, for about four or five weeks. It was a kind of attention I'd never experienced before.

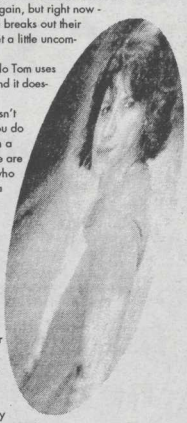
It must have been quite a shock to come from working so hard all the time on your own to get your songs out there, and then this big exposure.
Jennifer: It's been a very competitive year in music, as I'm sure every year is. There are a lot of talented people out there. I feel like we're in a good place where people are just beginning to hear about us, but it's not too over the top. I wouldn't want to be in the syndrome that a lot of bands seem to be in, in the last year or so, with one song that gets really huge, and then nothing.

Have you always wanted to work as musicians?
Chris: I've always wanted to. It sounds really corny, but I've always wanted to play drums.
Mike: There's more to it than that for Chris Foley, though. He also thought that he could be a postman as well.
Chris: That's right. For a while I thought the only way I was going to make it work was to have the day job, and I thought, 'You know what? I could be a mailman.' But instead I ended up making flutes, which is equally as weird.

Do you play the flute?
Chris: Not at all. Not a note.

That's probably quite a good thing, because otherwise you might form an emotional attachment to the instrument you're making.
Chris: That's true. Actually, they say that you're a better instrument maker if you don't play the instrument that you make because then you don't have those kinds of attachments, you just make a good instrument.
Mike: That's what the people who can't play say.

Jennifer, I read in your bio that you played the guitar from a very early age, and you said earlier that you really love the bass. Is there any other instrument that has a big appeal for you?
Jennifer: Drums. I love the drums and I love the bass. That's one of the reasons that I like to play with them. And I can play piano. I can play the flute a little bit, but not really.
Mike: I think you've mentioned mandolin and harmonica.
Jennifer: That wasn't me. Mandolin I don't mind, but I'm not a big fan of the harmonica. Who hated mandolin? [To Chris] Was it you?
Chris: Not in a rock format. I don't like mandolin in rock.
Jennifer: But harmonica, I don't know what it is about harmonica that just - I'm not saying that... There have been times in my life when I've appreciated it and I'm sure it'll come back and I'll appreciate it again, but right now - when someone breaks out their harmonica I get a little uncomfortable.
Mike: But Buffalo Tom uses a harmonica and it doesn't...
Jennifer: It doesn't bother me if you do it every once in a while, but there are some people who walk out with a brace on their neck and they have this harmonica there all the time and it's, like, part of the show. I don't like it enough to hear it all the time. It's just like the tambourine - you want to bring it in every once in a while, OK, but too much tambourine, it's not good.
Mike: That's really a bad blow and an affront to Tracy of the Partridge Family.
Jennifer: Maybe that's why I never liked the Partridge Family - too much tambourine.



Have you been playing with Mike and Chris for a while.
Mike: You could say it has been a while.
Jennifer: Yeah - it's been over a year.

Did you meet them before or after recording the album?
Jennifer: I was just finishing up the album when I met Chris. We played together with various bass players for four or five months, and then we met up with Mike last October.
It must have been a relief to find a bass player at last.
Jennifer: Yes, it was a huge relief to meet these guys. So far it's been working OK. We have our moments, but it's still OK. Right?
Chris: No comment!
Mike: I'd like to exercise my Fifth Amendment privilege.

He's taking the Mark Fuhrman amendment privilege.
Mike: That dickhead.

So what did you think of the O.J. verdict?
Jennifer: We actually have a funny story about that, because we were in the van, listening -
Mike: Do an imitation of the O.J. verdict coming through the radio.
Jennifer: We were in the van listening, listening, listening, listening, driving -
Mike: In Kansas.
Jennifer: We were driving in between where the station was coming in [does good imitation of static obscuring the 'not' part of the verdict] and we were like, "Yes! He's guilty! Yes! Yes!" And the next one came out and it was not guilty, and we were like, "Uh-oh." And then they repeated it, and it was not guilty, and we were pretty much speechless. I was really rip-shit. I'm really angry about it, personally.
Mike: The thing that pisses me off is not so much the fact that he got off - there are good lawyers who are too good at their jobs who get people off or get them lenient sentences all the time. But what really pisses me off is that people want to put this guy up on a pedestal, and really, even if he didn't do it, he's still a wife-beater. He put her in the hospital before, and he's still going to do it to other women. What does that say about how we as a society feel about that issue? If people want to say he's not guilty, that's one thing, but don't put him up there as being some noble person who has been put through this terrible ordeal. He deserves it just because he's a wife-beater.
Jennifer: Unfortunately, or fortunately, because of the way the jury system works, because of the Mark Fuhrman thing and sloppy work by the police, there was a reasonable doubt. The jury wasn't 100% sure and I guess they just had to do what they did. Fine, OK, the guy's not guilty, but now we should not be giving him the time of day. And everyone's still - they want him to come on television, he's going to make a million dollars from some book. It's disgusting.
Mike: Even if he didn't do it, even if there was overwhelming evidence that he didn't do it, he is still a known wife-beater. That's all he'll ever be to me.

Getting back to music, the first thing that stands out on your record is your voice. It's deeper than a lot of female singers' voices. It sounds so strong, yet it can also be very quiet and emotional. It's very versatile. When you were growing up, did you sing along to any particular band? Was it singing along to the Police that made your voice like that, or was it just there?
Jennifer: I love the Police, actually. It was more that when I was younger I thought my voice was really ugly and weird-sounding. I stopped singing once - I decided I was going to stop, and just forget it. It lasted about three or four months and then I was like, 'Oh fuck it, so what if it's ugly.' It seems like it's working out OK. Some people really like my voice and some people really hate it.

Do you have a set format for writing songs or do you write them as you feel them?
Jennifer: I used to write music in a very different way. I was trying to take a classical form, which has to do with themes and different types of repetition. But then I kind of got into writing pop songs just 'cause I never had, so there was - and there will still be on the next record - songs that I made myself do verse/chorus/verse/chorus/bridge - then you can do what you want on the out. It's good to have rules. I find it more fun than just doing whatever comes to me. But that's just a very basic form. One of the reasons why pop music has that form to it is that there's something pleasing and very natural about it. Certain types of repetition, how a verse should move in one direction - there's a reason. It's not an arbitrary form.

One of the interesting things about your songs is that, even though these are important events, they're also about... I hesitate to use the phrase 'the glorification of the everyday', but in a way...
Jennifer: Yes! It is the glorification of the everyday. Exactly. Anybody could have any of the feelings and experiences that happen on that record. They belong to anybody paying attention to how they feel, as opposed to writing songs about trying to kill yourself or doing heroin, because only certain people do that. But self-destruction, trying to be self-destructive, that's a universal thing, a universal drive. And how people deal with the universe's continuous pull towards chaos is kind of how we define ourselves as people. Some people give in to that, and are dismayed and depressed and kill themselves, and some people go, 'Well, that's just the way it is. Everything's trying to pull me away into craziness, but I want to have meaning in my life, so I'm going to bring meaning into my life.' Some people just do heroin or whatever kind of drug, and they say they're going to kill themselves, or they do kill themselves, then people start focusing on that in and of itself, on that event. I'm much more interested in the emotions leading up to someone doing that.

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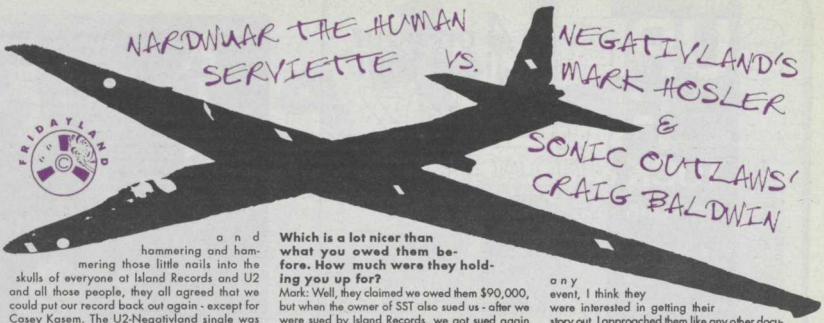


Nardwuar: Who are you?
Craig: My name is Craig Baldwin.

And who are you, please?
Craig: If you don't give a station ID every eleven minutes, they'll tune out. It's very important, because every time people tune into the radio, they're only listening for eleven minutes.

They only listen to the Playboy channel.
Mark: My name's Mark Hosler, I'm from Negativland and I don't do the Playboy channel.

I know, it's - some other guy. So you guys are in town today - what's the deal? You have a movie you've brought to town, *Sonic Outlaws*. Explain a bit about it.
Craig: It's a documentary about people who take bits and pieces of the found sounds in our culture and recontextualize them. They put them together into new art pieces that make a critical comment about the original work.

It's not a story about Negativland, is it?
Craig: Well, yeah, sure -

'Cause I felt a bit gypped: I put the *Sonic Outlaws* videotape in and I was hoping there'd be a lot about Negativland, but there isn't...
[silence]
Craig: If you don't give the station ID every eleven minutes, your listeners will tune out, they won't know what they're listening to!

Please tell me about the movie, about *Sonic Outlaws* - it is not the Negativland story. Have you dealt with any disgruntled Negativland fans?
Craig: Well that's their problem. I'm not into the rock'n'roll fan scene. The movie's about ideas having to do with a lot of different groups of people - artists, visual artists, video artists - as well as musicians. I don't wanna just make a fanzine kind of thing.

But it's not the Negativland story, there's not even pictures of Greg Ginn. Mark - you, of Negativland - no pictures of Greg Ginn in the whole movie!
Mark: I don't think that was what was interesting to Craig about this. That's more of the dirty, industry, indie-rock, soap-opera stuff, which is in the book we put out. If you want to know the whole entire story, you get the Negativland book, *Fair Use*.

I didn't read the book.
Mark: They're different. Craig has his own agenda with the movie.

I didn't read the book. I'm sorry, Craig, I didn't read the book.
Craig: He's the one who put out the book. My thing is really more of an art history, or a critical - it's not a rock'n'roll's gossip -

I thought it was a version of the book, so I was lazy. I didn't read the book, even though I really wanted to read the book. I'm sorry, Mark. I was really hoping it would be, like, a summary of the book, but it's got a lot of other stuff in there.
Craig: Well, yeah, and the book has a lot of stuff that's not in the movie.
Mark: The book is 280 pages long.

No Greg Ginn. Who is Greg Ginn, for the people out there who have no idea who Greg Ginn is?
Mark: I don't want to talk about that. Greg Ginn is just some kind of, you know, schizophrenic -

What exactly happened in the end of the story? What happened with the Negativland case, what happened in the end?
Craig: It's not over yet.
Mark: No, it has never quite ended. The end of the story is that after three years of hammering and hammering and hammering those little nails into the skulls of everyone at Island Records and U2 and all those people, they all agreed that we could put our record back out again - except for Casey Kasem. The U2-Negativland single was the outtakes of Top 40 DJ Casey Kasem having a bad day at work. Casey won't agree to let it come out again, and he's threatened to sue Island Records if they return it back to us. That's kind of where it's left. But we at least won what you call a Pyrrhic victory - is that the expression? And after three and a half years of hammering on all these people, we finally got them to agree to something.

What did they agree to?
Mark: They agreed that, in principle, we could put the record back out again if Casey agreed to drop his threats to take legal action against Island Records for returning our record to us, which they now own.

How much money were the legal fees? Don't you owe something like $90,000 worth of legal fees?
Mark: You see, you didn't read the book, you didn't prepare for this.

I know I didn't read the book, 'cause I was hoping to -
Mark: What a jerk! What a jerk! You're just one of these -

Craig Baldwin, you see the problem - Mark knows all the answers, he's the Negativland guy, he's the guy featured in your movie. I didn't know these answers, I didn't read the book, but you didn't really answer that in your film, did you?
Craig: Right, I didn't want to give them the details. My film is a survey, it's overarching. It has to do with a lot of activity over many, many decades, if not centuries. I didn't want to focus on and make a big deal out of trivia, you know. Greg Ginn, what his sign is, or how much money it is, you know - I mean, that's Negativland's problem.

I guess I wanted the dirt. Your new stuff is on Seeland, right?
Mark: Yeah, owned by -

Is SST completely out of the picture?
Mark: SST? No, they're always in the picture.

No, I mean, with your stuff.
Mark: They still own a bunch of our stuff. We just got a royalty statement, and, in fact, they say we owe them $666. Isn't that nice?

Which is a lot nicer than what you owed them before. How much were they holding you up for?
Mark: Well, they claimed we owed them $90,000, but when the owner of SST also sued us - after we were sued by Island Records, we got sued again for putting out a magazine trying to tell the story of the first lawsuit. We got sued a second time for doing that. He claimed we owed him 90 grand, but when we actually got down to figuring it out and settling out of court with him, it turned out he could only prove that we owed him $45,000. That's American dollars.

Well, did you happen to, Craig Baldwin, *the director, author, writer, use a* Fisher Price camera in the film?
Craig: Yes I did.

Those are really rare, aren't they?
Craig: Well, not as rare as a lot of people think. They're not sold in stores anymore, but a lot of people have them. They're like 8-track tapes.

They record on cassettes, like regular audio cassettes.
Craig: They do, yeah. I think you get five minutes per cassette, actually. They move very fast - the tape moves very fast.

Was that Pixlevision? What is Pixlevision?
Craig: It's called Pixdevision. Fisher Price makes them, yeah.

So where did you meet Mark? 'Cause I have a suspicion here, Craig, that Negativland was any event, I think they were interested in getting their story out. I approached them like any other documentary maker would - it's not a big deal when someone wants an interview, you know, I just call them up.

But a lot of times we know hype is happening and you don't want to deal with people - why did you want to deal with Craig?
Mark: Craig was the perfect person to make this movie because Craig makes movies by stealing other people's footage. His whole aesthetic is -

You had seen his work before?
Mark: Yes. His whole aesthetic is like ours, and Craig chooses to work the way we do, which is that we're totally outside of, like, the corporate/culture/industry/mainstream thing. So, here we are at the festival - I've got my little nice Gap bag they gave me.

Craig, when you approached Negativland, did you have to show them your work, or did they already know it?
Craig: I did submit a tape that I had made earlier - *Tribulation 99*.
Mark: I had seen his work and I was vouching for him as being OK -

Did anybody else approach you? Did you give the brush-off to other people?
Mark: No, we don't have people - no, we were -

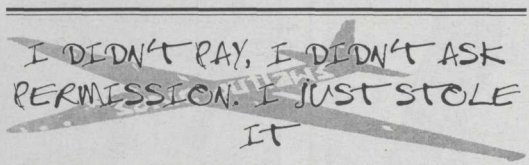
'Cause you're known to manipulate the media, like that TV axe-murder hoax that you Negativlanders blamed on yourself. Well, you laugh, but I didn't know about that axe-murder thing, so your movie did tell me that. I'd heard about it, but with the movie, it's like - you guys faked this axe murder thing or whatever, and you got on TV and stuff. And you fooled them.
Mark: We really did murder all those people, all four of the people in the family, we did axe murder them.

Did anybody else approach you to try to do the story?
Mark: Some other people had shot some footage about it, but, no, we - you gotta realise, the whole U2 lawsuit, the whole thing that happened, it was both totally real - we lost all of our back catalogue, we lost all the money -

I'm not doubting that.
Mark: But, at the same time, it was this incredible -

But no pictures of Greg Ginn in the movie!
Mark: Stop interrupting or I'll kill you!!!! We needed to deal with - we were dealing with the reality of the things we were losing, but it was also a giant conceptual art project. We were desperate, we had no resources to get our work-

So what was going to happen to you? You woke up one morning, what was going to happen? It was going to be the end - you were going to lose your catalogue, your



wary of you. Did they know you before?
Craig: I doubt it. We're both from the Bay Area. I knew their music, but, I mean, there's a lot of people in -

So you approached Negativland and Negativland, being the paranoid Playboy channel people that they are - 'cause I noticed that at the end of the movie there's kind of a dis towards you.
Mark: Wow - a dis?
Craig: I didn't know that.

'If there's one good thing that comes out of this movie, there'll be a sound byte' - you know. That sounded like Negativland saying, 'Oh, this movie's a big waste of time.' What sort of apprehension did Negativland have when you approached them? I'm curious, Craig - what sort of apprehension did they have?
Craig: You should ask them that question. But in

record label was suing you, U2 was going out after you...
Mark: Well, not exactly. But, no, I can't answer that, that's too complicated. I can't give you a sound-byte answer. We put out a whole book about what happened.

I know, but I want sound-byte answers from Negativland. I wanted that in the movie *Sonic Outlaws*, but *Sonic Outlaws* explored a lot more. What I'm curious about is the actual film that you use, Craig. In the movie, you guys got to interview U2, who are the basis for all the settlements, for *Mondo* magazine. Mark of Negativland - you interviewed that Adam Clayton guy, right?
Mark: No, it's The Edge.
Craig: He did do an interview with The Edge by way of *Mondo 2000*.

Hoping to convince him of the Negativland cause?
Mark: No, not hoping to convince him. He didn't know who we were. He was basically tricked into this interview. He had no idea that we were Negativland.
Craig: Well, it was revealed who you were.
Mark: It was revealed, and in the course of the interview he turned out to be seemingly sympathetic enough with what we were going through, so that at the end I asked him if he wanted to lend us money to help us get our record label started.

And he said he'd never been asked that before.
Mark: Yeah, he said it was the funniest interview - the most surreal interview he'd ever had in his life.

But you were taping this interview. Does he know he's in the movie? What is the legality of using that? 'Cause you've done a lot of illegal things in your movie, Craig.
Craig: For sure. As far as that goes, that was an interview that he gave. He took the initiative on that interview.

But did he give permission to be used in a movie that people would be charged admission for? Could you get in trouble for that?
Craig: Well, uh -
Mark: He didn't get permission to use the clip from *The Simpsons*. There's all kinds of things...

You did say thanks to Matt Groening at the end.
Craig: Yes, I did. I acknowledged him. That's what I believe this whole collage art can be.

I'm just curious, though - when you do an interview with somebody, when you do an interview with The Edge or whoever the hell he was, and then after -
Mark: If you'd read the book you might ask about the interview we had with the FBI agents who were investigating Negativland because Casey Kasem was getting death threats over -

Are FBI guys scary? Do they have, like, weird accents? So, are you serious? The FBI guys did investigate you? That's no joke - you don't mess with Oswald and stuff like that.
Mark: You mean Agent Oswald from the FBI? No, that's true, you don't. The FBI agent who was calling and talking to everyone in Negativland, his name was Dave Evans, which is the real name of The Edge - just one of those nice little moments that happened in the story. See, we were trying to get our record back, and, as I mentioned earlier, Casey Kasem was the holdout in the whole thing. So some fan of Negativland's got a hold of Casey's home phone number and called him up and made death threats against him if he wouldn't return Negativland's records back to them. So Casey called the FBI and the FBI was calling everyone in Negativland and, you know, showing up on our doorstep to talk to us.

Were they MIBs? Men in Black?
Mark: No, this was a woman. This was a WIB.

That's an allusion, too - that's an alien allusion, eh? I'm going to ask that in a second. But they showed up at your door - did you easily slosh them off?
Mark: Well, no, we just - I told them what happened and they were so interested in it that the agent I talked to actually wanted to hear the record. I gave her a cassette copy of the record, which she didn't realise I wasn't allowed to do legally, but I just did anyway.

So those are the illegal things that Negativland have done?
Mark: A lot of these aren't illegal *per se*... If someone wanted to go after it and contest it in court, they could, but it's not automatically illegal that Craig used the footage, or that we - you should look at our book.

If you're lazy, it's illegal. If you're not lazy, it could be legal. It depends how lazy you are... I'm just curious, though - from a movie, big label, big budget standpoint - how much of what you did in the movie wouldn't make it past Hollywood? What wasn't legal that you did in your movie? You know, that footage of news clips and stuff.
Craig: All of that's illegal. There must be half of the footage in there that I don't have the clearance for. Don't you see? I didn't pay, I didn't ask permission. I just took it, I stole it. It's not made like a conventional compilation documentary where you have film researchers who go and get the clearances from the lawyers who represent the people who own the copyright. What I did is, I just took it because I wanted to make something that wasn't a compilation documentary, but in fact was a collage, just bits and pieces thrown together -
Mark: This is called form follows content, Nardwuar.
Craig: Right. So none of it would make it.

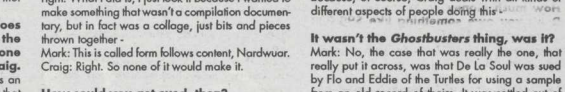
How could you get sued, then?
Craig: I could get sued by someone who would see some material that I didn't get the clearance for and I was using it in my own picture, and -

Ahhh, so if somebody comes to the film and checks it out and gets mad. Have you ever thought of just inviting them, to see what would happen?

town. He stays at the Chateau Granville 'cause he wants to be down with the street crew - unlike the Negativland contingent here. Craig Baldwin, of *Sonic Outlaws*, you talked about getting caught - how does Weird Al get away with it, or people like that?
Craig: Good question.
Mark: He gets permission. It all looks kind of naughty, but no, he has permission. He parodied Nirvana, and he asked them. He goes to Nirvana's management and lawyers and he says, 'I want to do this.' This is why Negativland now has gone back to the way we used to do it before SST. We put out all of our own work on our own label because, one, we've learned so much about how screwed up the music industry is that I don't want to deal with them anyway. I think they're all pigs. But the other reason is that even if we wanted to work that way, we're a total legal nightmare, a total liability, and I don't want to worry - it's like Craig. Craig doesn't want to worry when he makes his film about whether he can or cannot use this. He just wants to follow his creative instincts.

Craig Baldwin, director of *Sonic Outlaws*, station ID every eleven minutes, and Mark of Negativland - where did things start going wrong? When did people start suing each other? Not for your movie, but you're saying Weird Al gets clearance - when did stuff start, when did the suing start?
Craig: That's what my movie tries to talk about, the history of this kind of thing. So I don't know - there's no date on it. It could be the '20s or '30s.
Mark: I have an answer to this question. Actually, one of the celebrated cases in the music world - because, of course, Craig deals with all kinds of different aspects of people doing this -

It wasn't the *Ghostbusters* thing, was it?
Mark: No, the case that was really the one, that really put it across, was that De La Soul was sued by Flo and Eddie of the Turtles for using a sample from an old record of theirs. It was settled out of court, [but] it established a precedent. It scared the hell out of everyone in the music industry, it stopped everyone from sampling, and it clamped down on that whole creative aspect in hip-hop of reusing people's stuff. The guy who worked as the attorney was the same lawyer Greg Ginn hired to sue us, of all things.
Craig: Yeah, but you see, that's just the music business. Jack Benny was sued in the 1950s with his TV show. You know, *Mad* magazine -



Craig: Why would I do that? That would just be putting myself in danger. In fact, I'm endangering myself even to admit it right now. I don't really want to do that.
Mark: Ask him how much the movie cost.

"Jump", by Van Halen, was made for 300 bucks - an incredible video. So who cares what the money cost. Things can be done cheaply.
Mark: Don't believe everything you read. Where'd you read that, *Rolling Stone* magazine?

Yeah, 300 bucks for the "Jump" video.
Craig: I'd believe that.

Maybe they owned all the cameras and stuff.
Mark: Was that the Sammy Hagar Van Halen?

No, it was the original, it was the David Lee Roth one. And David Lee Roth doesn't stay in the Hotel Vancouver when he's in

into the mix of what they were showing in their stadiums. They didn't get permission for it, they just did it. And this was part of some of the great ironies that came up in this whole story, and part of why - the reason why media jumped all over the story is just 'cause of all - there was just incredible ironies and contradictions between people's public behaviour and personal legal actions and all that stuff.

Who were the EBN guys?
Craig: Mark doesn't know them - I was the connection with them. They're former art students out of the Rhode Island School of Design. They live in Providence, Rhode Island right now.

The guy has a weird face. I mean, I've got zits and stuff, but the guy has a weird-looking face.
Craig: In any event, they're very creative people. I admire their work and they're a good subject for doing the same kind of thing that Negativland -

What do they do? Do they make videos for people?
Craig: Well, actually, they've come out on their own. They're on TVT Records and they've just come out with a CD that has a computer complement so you can see visual stuff, you can punch in -

They do a lot of found images and they put that all together.
Craig: It's all found from broadcast.

And U2 actually bought some of this footage to use?
Craig: Yeah. "We Will Rock You", actually, was the name of the video piece that they opened their Zoo TV tour with.

OK, let's say Negativland were sonic outlaws - you guys were getting persecuted for what you were doing. Who's out there that hasn't got persecuted yet that deserves to go down? Like U2, they deserve to go down, 'cause that EBN Network they hired, that was just totally illegal. What the EBN Network does is illegal, isn't it?
Craig: I don't know, I'm not a lawyer.
Mark: Most of what they know, most of what they do, because of the level they're functioning at in interviews -

You get picked on 'cause you're a little guy.
Mark: You don't let me finish the question. I don't have to finish the answer to your questions, but you could let me answer the questions if you want.

OK Mark Hoss-ler, not related to Gerald Coss-ler, ley. Go ahead, yes.
Mark: Oh, now there's, oh boy - Anyway, so, what was I saying? No, they've said that there's a lot of footage - they used to make stuff where they used much more risky things and they don't anymore because, the level they're functioning at, they are too worried about the legal things, so they don't use a lot of the footage. If you're using President Bush - you don't have to get permission to use public figures, it's not that big of a deal. Like, if you were to follow what Negativland's done since the U2 thing, we're much more low-profile now. Our work's a lot harder to find 'cause we run it ourselves and we're not such great business people and all. The work we've put out since the U2 thing has far worse potentially infringing material on it than the U2 thing. Way worse. But because we're small, and we're not making any money, there's no presence that we have out there in record stores. We're just ignored, because most of what you're talking about is just - if someone thinks someone's making money off of them and they see dollar signs or a lawyer sees dollar signs, then that's when they step in.

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Who's behind the Barbie Liberation Front?
Craig: Well, it's a national movement, of course, but actually it was kind of centred in San Diego about two years ago by people who were attending the school there. UCLA, actually.

Are you worried you might get subpoenaed to try to identify who the people were? Because they could get in big trouble. Like, you know who the Unabomber is, don't you?
Craig: Yeah. I am the Unabomber, by the way. *But no, no one's going to subpoena me to do that,* that's absurd.

You didn't do that movie with Barbies, did you, that Karen Carpenter story with Barbies?
Craig: No, I didn't do that. That was done by Todd Haynes.
Mark: There's a feature by that guy.
Craig: *Playing at this festival by the way.*

Please update the listeners what you're mumbling about, Craig Baldwin, director of *Sonic Outlaws*.
Craig: Todd Haynes and myself, I guess you could say we're from the same generation. We're younger directors, relatively speaking, and he also went to school at the Rhode Island School - no, Brown University, which is also in Providence, Rhode Island - where these same people EBM come from, by the way.
Mark: That's what it is, it's Brown University, it's Emergency Bowel Movements.

The Ivy League.
Craig: Yeah, well, don't put him down. He's just - he's very well educated and he made a film when he was in college called *Superstar: the Karen Carpenter Story*. It's a serious essay film, like my film is, about anorexia. The way he staged it is not, of course, to get Karen Carpenter to act in it, because *she was dead, but to stage it through the use of* Barbie dolls. But it wasn't Mattel who busted Todd Haynes. It was Herb Alpert of A&M Records, because he used the music in the movie. It's a fine film

In 1995 Herb Alpert probably wouldn't have minded, because he allowed that tribute Carpenter album to come out. He probably would've allowed it right now, eh ?
Craig: He's making money off that, though. He wasn't getting any money from the Todd Haynes film. But anyway, the point is, to answer your original question, Todd Haynes has gone on in the world of motion pictures. He has now made a feature film *which is playing here, as part of the same festival.* I don't know if he was here or not, but it was called *Safe*. My film also is playing, so that's what we have in common right now.

What other sonic outlaws besides Negativland are out there?
Mark: I don't know all this stuff, I'm too busy working -

What other sonic outlaws, Craig Baldwin, did you consider using for the film? Like people who were cut out of the film and ended up on the editing room floor...
Craig: Well, Brian Springer, he's the first person who comes to my mind. He's a guy who takes satellite dish feeds and then he cuts them and re-edits them and organises them into a sort of self-critique of the mainstream media, because feeds are the kinds of things that aren't re-broadcast. Feeds are when they're waiting to go live. Anybody with a dish can intercept that, so that's a perfect example of an outlaw type of activity - downloading this material before it's actually suitable, quote unquote, for broadcast. It is available to anyone with a dish.
Mark: He just realised he could do it and he did it.
Craig: It's on the threshold of what's really acceptable in terms of working with audio and video. And so he did it. The technology's there, anybody can get a dish for themselves for $2000 or whatever, put it on his roof, and then make it clear that these politicians, people who claim to be *people of, whatever, intelligence or distinction,* are, in fact, just bores.

What exactly was *Tribulation 99: Alien Anomalies Under America*? It was your first movie...
Craig: That was a film that I had made earlier which was about the Men In Black, as you were just talking about. The CIA, the hollow earth, that's to do with conspiratorial theory -

Like survivalists, such as Dick Dale?
Craig: Dick Dale and the -

Yeah, *he's a survivalist*. He lives on his ranch, he lives off the land. You know - those people who are afraid the world's going to end so they stockpile a lot of food.
Craig: It is sort of a parody of those people, of that kind of very Southwestern-type mentality. I'm from California, so, you know, that's a big part of the culture there, especially in the southern part of California. And in the desert there's a lot of people -

Is that, like, Bill Lynn and William Cooper? Did you profile any of those people?
Craig: See, all of those right-wing maniacs, they produce a kind of a literature that I used as a sort of a - I researched when I wrote my script, because I was interested in the intensity and the extremity of their vision.
Mark: We gotta go, Craig. Kevin Costner is in the next room and he's waiting, he's gotta do a big interview here.

Well, just quickly, before we go -
Mark: You know, they premiered *Waterworld* here at the Vancouver Film Festival.

If people want more info on Negativland, where can they write?
Mark: Negativland, 1920 Monument Boulevard, MF-1, Concord, California, 94520. You can write to Negativland and find out what we're up to. We're working on all this new stuff, we're taking on one of the world's largest soft-drink manufacturers in an upcoming release, and our next stuff is all about sex, dirt and germs.

And Craig, if people want to know more about *Sonic Outlaws* and other movies you've done, where can they write?
Craig: 992 Valencia Street, San Francisco, California, 94110.

I like that place you went to, you know, in San Francisco, with that kind of fair. I love that place where you filmed the movie. That giant rock where that outdoor swimming pool once stood...
Craig: Right, right - Seal Rock, it's called. The Cliff House.

And it caught on fire, man, that's wild. That's scary, that's really Munsterish!
Craig: Thank you very much.

Doot Doola Doot Do...
Mark & Craig: Doot Doo!

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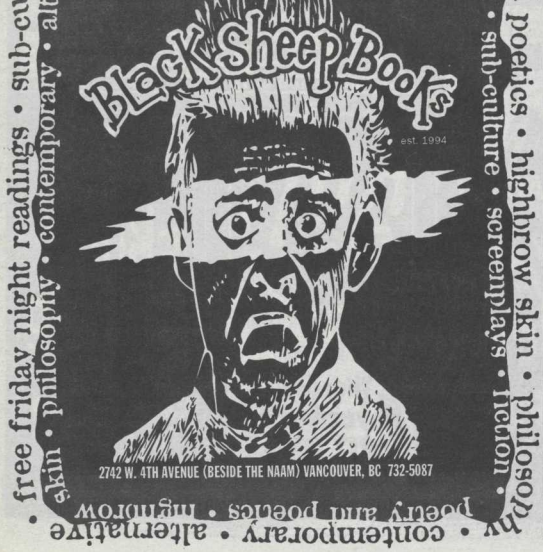

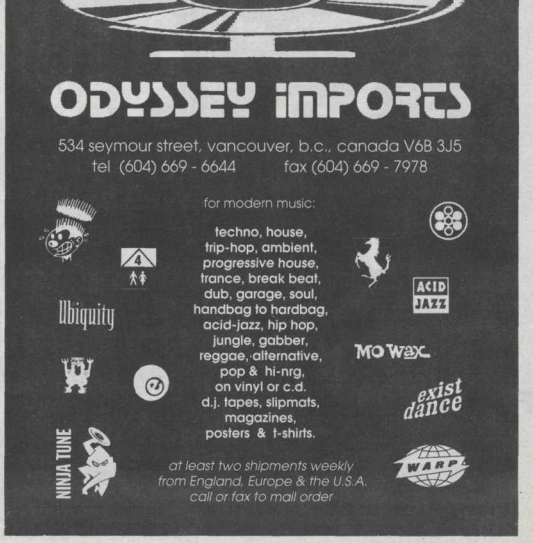

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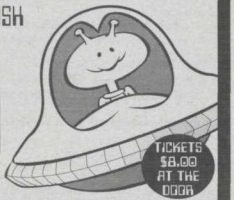

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MEEGAN ACTIVATES

This isn't really an interview. It's more like a biography, the documentation of one woman's existence. She isn't an entertainer, she is a motivator, an inspiration, an activist.

Sometimes there is more to a musician *than music. Sometimes there are ideals,* intentions and messages which are communicated through the music. Meegan Maultsaid is a political activist. And by politics I don't mean those abstract notions professors sit around tables discussing. I mean the issues and concerns which pertain to the conditions of everyday life, issues and concerns which affect us all. Meegan lives with these conditions, especially within the sometimes conveniently apathetic music scene, but she doesn't sit back and accept them in silence. Instead, she works to raise awareness and promote change.

If you have been to a benefit show in Vancouver in the past two years, you have probably been to at least one event organized by Meegan. Her projects have included two Grrrlapalooza shows, two Rock For Choice shows, and the Rock For Choice Vancouver compilation tape. Rock For Choice I, which took place in January '94, raised over $1500 for Every Woman's Health Center from ticket sales alone. That doesn't include the compilation, featuring bands such as Cub, Sparkmarker, The Vinaigrettes and Kreviss and distributed by Cargo Records, which is still bringing in money for the centre.

Grrrlapalooza I, a mostly girl showcase held in September '94, included acoustic acts, Meegan's own rockin' band Tickle Trunk, spoken word, and information booths.

This year, Meegan promoted another Rock For Choice event at the New York Theatre, with 54-40 headlining and representatives from Every Woman's Health Centre speaking between bands. The show raised over $4000 for the health centre, and Meegan promises to do Rock For Choice annually to ensure that the centre gets money from the Vancouver scene every year.

In late August, the Under The Volcano Festival hosted Grrrlapalooza II, an all-girl extravaganza headlined by San Francisco's Mudwimmin. The integration of the two events seems perfectly logical, as both combine music with grassroots politics. "I feel like music is a good form of communication," says Meegan. "I think that a huge percentage of people who listen to music and come to shows is young people - people who need to get activated, need to be educated. I feel like the Vancouver scene is apathetic in a lot of ways, as in there aren't enough shows, or even shows that have enough educational format."

Meegan sees education as a key way of changing things and believes that awareness of issues is vital. "I'm a feminist, so most of the stuff that I do is very oriented toward women's rights and energy. The Rock For Choice thing is very close to my heart. I'm very, very pro-choice, and pretty anti-religion. And so, those two things in conjunction make my opinion that much stronger.

"A lot of it is about being a feminist. Being super, super pro-woman. I mean, that's my thing. I believe in a lot of issues. And when I worked at the Under The Volcano Festival this year, I was the one who organized the political tables. I was in contact with lots of groups, like Bear Watch, Amnesty International, and Earth First!. I think all those groups are amazing. But the issue that is closest to my heart is the pro-choice, pro-women issue. That just stems from being a woman, and being queer, and seeing the socialization of men, and how, in society, women are oppressed. The new 90s schtick is that that's not true, that there are enough women in the business world, that there are enough men in power who are now conscious and aware that there need to be women's rights. But it is still within *their* itinerary, still within *their* idea of our voices. I mean, if we scream this loud, it's okay, 'cause that's within *their* idea of anger. But if we rage, and get up on stage and go FUCK YOU!, like men do, suddenly we're a dyke, or a bitch. You know as well as I do, I mean your stuff [spoken word] is full of anger, and it's about being a woman, and fighting back. Some people think it is amazing, and they connect with what you are doing. Young women feel drawn to that, they see something that empowers them. That's what I'm after. To be a musician, who's up there, who has an agenda."

Another way that Meegan reaches people is through her own involvement as a singer, first in Tickle Trunk and now in her new project, Puncture. She feels that Puncture is very political, for two reasons: "Number one, the lyrics. For example, the song "Snap Your Neck or Starve", now that's overtly political. It's about homophobia, it's about religion and what ties into that kind of thinking, the whole pro-life thing, the anti-women thing, the homophobia thing - that's all tied together. The main lyric of the song that I feel connected to is "Hate is not a family value."

The second way in which politics are manifested in Puncture's music is less obvious. Meegan believes that even when the lyrics are more personal and document individual sorrow, they are still political as they relate back to the oppressive society we live in. "It's because of the way we are socialized," Meegan explains. "Because of the oppression. That's why we feel backed into a corner, and that's why we write a song that's about anger. It might not be saying, 'Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me', it might be saying, 'I don't feel like there is any exit from your line of thinking or the lines you have created. And to deviate from that is to call more oppression to yourself.'"

Outside of lyrical content, Puncture's newly released CD includes names and addresses of political organizations that it sees as worthy and in need of young people's energy. "I'm trying to say to people that if you think that the system sucks, and you think it's bullshit, and you think there is too much oppression, then do something. Don't just flap your gums about it, try to get involved. Look at different groups and see how with even a little bit of time, you can change the system. Maybe you can't change the whole evil, but you can change a portion".

Meegan believes in the strength of preaching to the converted, but she also challenges herself and her audience by taking shows where her ideas and politics may not be so welcome. A perfect example of this took place this summer, when Puncture opened for the Day Glo Abortions. Meegan explains: "Some guy asked me, 'Why are you postering for the Dayglos? I know who you are, and you're a feminist.' And I said to him, 'Cause if we don't take it (the show), some other little punk rock band will, and they have no politics.' The people in the audience and the Day Glos themselves will never know that there is dichotomy, that there is someone doing something else. So when I get a show and I get up there, I write GIRL down my arm and I go, 'Yeah, you came here to see the Day Glos, well, you're gonna sit through *me* first. And you're gonna get your fuckin' ass kicked, 'cause we're as heavy and better than they are.' You confront the system, you don't shy away from it. And don't say, 'I won't open for them because they aren't political', or 'They have an anti-woman song.' Good, they have an anti-woman song, then I'll get up and do a pro-woman song. That's why I want to be active in the scene - to show that there is dichotomy. Sure there are bands that are like that, but maybe opening for them is someone with totally different politics."

When considering the prospect of gaining in popularity and making it BIG, Meegan hopes that, should Puncture take off, she will be able to hold on to her integrity and her ideals. Generally, it seems to be the case that the people with the most power seem to say the least, choosing instead to focus their energy on self-destructive behavior without any conscious effort to use their power wisely. "I'd love to become a bigger band. [But] if I was in Courtney Love's position, and I was selling millions of records, I would fucking DO something. I would do something with that power. I would talk to young people, stay after shows and talk to teenagers. I would try to activate people."

Meegan claims to be obsessed with music, and though some of it is purely for the metal guitar, she has special favourites, musicians she respects as well as enjoys. "Pearl Jam - I have been chastised since the first day I liked them. But there are things that people don't know that they do. They give tons of money to women's organizations, to rape relief in Seattle, to Home Alive, an organization started by the women from Seven Year Bitch to make sure women get home safely from clubs.

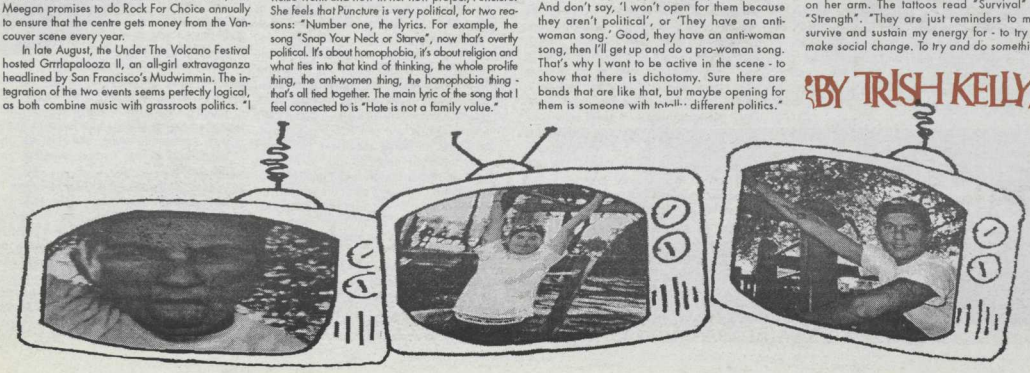
"Kurt Cobain was a political person. He was pro-women and pro-queer, and I think he called it like he saw it. He would see these guys at his shows, and he was like, 'These are the kind of redneck fucks who used to beat me up.' He confronted that. In interviews he would say, 'These are the kind of people who used to call me faggot for wearing nail polish - fuck you.' And that is political.

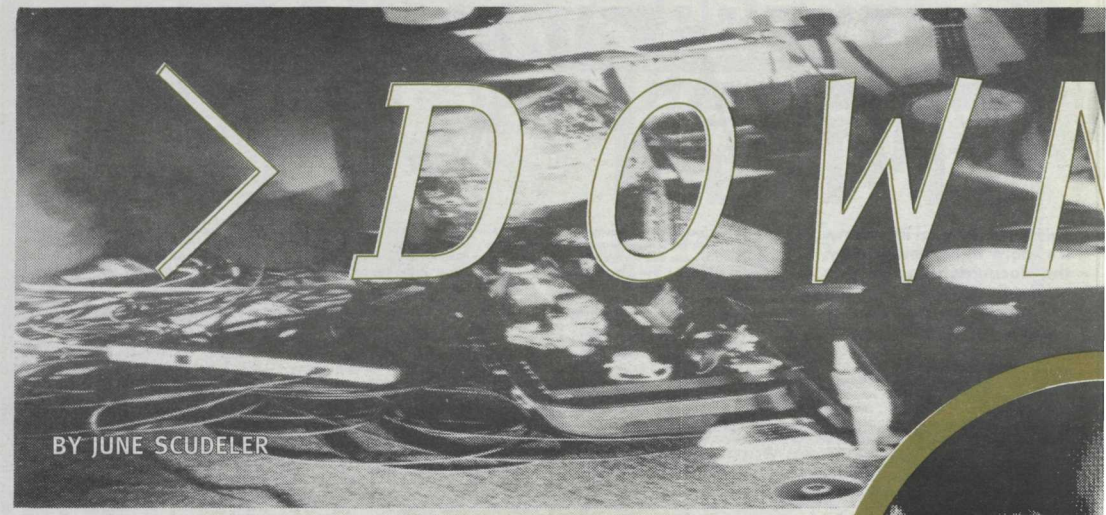
"As far as local bands go, and this should be printed, I LOVE Sparkmarker. A) for their music, I love their music, and B) for the people they are, for what I think they stand for." Meegan would also like to mention her respect for Submission Hold, Fracas, and her enjoyment of Spanking Betty, Another White Male and ten days late.

In the next year, Meegan plans on keeping busy touring with Puncture, raising AIDS awareness with Vancouver youth. She will also be doing another Grrrlapalooza this summer, as well as another Rock For Choice.

As our interview ends, I ask Meegan about her two bold tattoos, one on her back and one on her arm. The tattoos read "Survival" and "Strength". "They are just reminders to me to survive and sustain my energy for - to try and make social change. To try and do something."

BY TRISH KELLY





DOWN

BY JUNE SCUDELER

› When I arrive at their studio in downtown Vancouver, Mark Spybey and cEvin Key (Kevin Crompton) are working on some tracks for an upcoming release by Download, the project they started earlier this year with Philth (Phil Western) and the late Dwayne Goettel. For those of you who are unfamiliar with their work, Mark Spybey is a former member of England's Zoviet France and is currently recording with both Download and his more or less solo project, Dead Voices On Air. cEvin Key, an occasional contributor to Dead Voices On Air, is best known for his many years with seminal industrial band Skinny Puppy, who, amidst many rumour and allegations (but distressingly little press coverage), broke up earlier this year.

I'm feeling pretty tired as I'm ushered into the studio, so I sit on the ledge beside an open window, where I can even see the lovely landmark I live behind (the Biltmore Hotel) and watch the sky darken. Mark has a table covered with noise-producing toys set up in the large main room, while Kevin keeps his myriad of keyboards in a smaller room where he mixes and adds to Mark's music. The combination of Kevin's beats and Mark's quiet noise and trumpet playing are very soothing. When they finish, I ask if they will play every evening at the same time... Oh well, good try.

I have come to interview Mark and Kevin about Download, but the first question I ask is about the future of Skinny Puppy. Following the departure of vocalist Kevin Ogilvie (Ogre) in June of this year, the band broke up for good - not so much because of Ogilvie's decampment than as a result of what Kevin terms "over-manipulation by greedy, corporation-minded people".

I mention that *The Process*, the latest and last Skinny Puppy album (slated for release in January), seemed to be in trouble early on with its plethora of producers, which included Roli Mosimann, Greg Reely, Pigface's Martkin Atkins and long time SP collaborator David Ogilvie. "Not producers," corrects Kevin, picking his words carefully, "but people who attempted to blend everything as a chef would. In this case, anyway, because we're all three such individuals who work together, we need the 'gluer.' Especially in the case of Ogre. We've always been such a musical project, and we collaborate with him on the vocal and lyrical level, as well as on a stage level. There was a 33 1/3 point of view in Skinny Puppy and peace was there, musically, but with this album there were a lot of people who felt that they knew what Skinny Puppy should be - more than it actually was and more than it actually could be."

I suggest that Kevin had moved beyond Skinny Puppy, but he counters that Skinny Puppy had moved beyond him. "It's not like we had to move past Skinny Puppy, it wasn't something that was forced upon us. But it became more difficult to be responsible and come through for everybody else's idea of what Skinny Puppy is - I wasn't responsible for that." With Download, Kevin finds that he is in touch with parts of himself that he can only express musically, as opposed to verbally. "I have problems expressing himself deeper than the 'know what I'm saying?!' I think music gives me that opportunity to connect with other people."

So was the problem that Skinny Puppy was more of a formula than Download?

"Skinny Puppy, a lot of the time, was Download, because we did improvise the frames of all of our songs and then work with people on it. It's always been about connecting the energy you get from someone else's' input in such a way that it's like a language, in one sense. It was formulated under the same conditions as where I see Download headed. This whole label deal with American (Records) destroyed, or attempted to destroy, all of the integrity we felt we had achieved with our team - that twelve year team being Dave Ogilvie, Ken Marshall, Anthony Valcic and the band."

I tell Kevin that I was surprised when Skinny Puppy signed to American Records, a union he likens to a marriage "where you think you love somebody and you think you're committed and you have this dream of what that they're going to be because they show all the signs. Of course, they have the budget to work with you so you go for it, and then you discover after a couple of months it's just not.. I don't know. That's where the disasters started taking place and it seemed like it was Armageddonsville, not just in the band, but all the natural disasters and injuries."

Despite all the disasters that took place in LA during the recording of *The Process* - earthquakes, fires, floods, personal injuries "and feelings, like us getting back together and getting dropped from the label", nothing cut quite so deep as the news of Dwayne Goettel's death by heroin overdose in August of this year. "I'm going to miss him everyday from that point, and even

VLOAD

before, `cause I knew he was disappearing, slowly but surely. I tried my best to assist him and help him but, in this case, it's proper to go on in the most positive of things... I totally respect Dwayne, [but] I can't die along side [him] in the sense of not continuing on in his spirit."

Kevin's collaboration with Mark Spybey on Download is not the most immediately obvious of unions. But the merging of Mark's low tech approach with Kevin's reams of keyboards was not as difficult as one might suspect. "The first few times we worked together we used my gear," Mark recalls. "Probably the first time we recorded Download here we used my gear, so Kevin can work on my level as well. More important than gear or technical skills is feeling you can play with one another. It's not a feeling that is particularly frequent between musicians - I think you have to really go and search people out and test them out to find people who are going to be compatible with you."

Will fans of Skinny Puppy and Dead Voices On Air be shocked by Download? Mark doesn't think so: "If you're into the kind of music I'm into, then I honestly believe that you're the type of person who wants to take shocks and who wants to take risks and wants to experience danger in music."

"Download is all about change, anyway," adds Kevin. "And this is what creativity is all about," continues Mark, "continually redefining what you're doing and continually struggling and striving for a new identity or a new sound."

At this point, our conversation turns to the question of influences, and Mark gives Kevin a crash course on Gavin Bryars, whom he describes as "a more emotional Philip Glass."

"My friend in England always drags out this quote when we start talking like this!" Mark exclaims. "It's by The Residents: `Ignorance of your culture is not considered cool.' Our culture, if we consider [it to be] this experimental music, takes in all the branches of that. So a knowledge of the sounds that Dadaists made or Futurists made is entirely appropriate when you look at the music of (Einsturzende) Neubaten. It's all got those kinds of roots."

And what about the future of `industrial' music? Hasn't the genre been superseded by techno?

"There are a hundred `identi-kit' industrial bands out there that sound like each other and are going for a certain type of pattern," agrees Mark. "We're now down to third and fourth and fifth generation industrial bands, and this is why the whole genre has become weak and diluted. If you go back, it's still the originals that are the most stimulating to me - the Throbbing Gristles, the Neubautens. I'm sure disco fans are having the same debate - `It was all there, man, in the seventies, with Moroder!'"

I ask Mark and Kevin what they think of people who find electronic music alienating, and Mark is quick to reply. "I don't buy this reactionist sort of stance. I think a lot of people are off-beat if they think that liking bands who base themselves on some of the worst music in the world, like seventies guitar bands, are cool. I was there and I know how bad they were the fist time. I don't know need to resurrect Creedence fuckin' Clearwater Revival or John Cougar Blackjack whatever! Even Pearl Jam put a lot of credence in that Bad Company crap. Then there's the people, and I certainly know a lot of them in Vancouver, who think they're at the cutting edge of the avant garde because they stand on stage and play a guitar. Well, I'm sorry guys, you've disappeared so far up your own backsides it's not funny."

Warming to the topic of musical Luddites, the Download lads tell me about the Psychic TV tribute album they contributed a track to. Kevin says that when he tried to explain Genesis P-Orridge to American Records, the label asked if Genesis could send in a demo! "Say, that's an interesting name," drawls Mark, imitating an American Records exec. "Where'd ya get it? Just play the gee-tar."

"What band did you used to play in," adds Kevin in a nasally voice. "Genesis? Was it with Phil Collins?"

We continue to talk about Mr. P-Orridge for a while, but before too long Kevin wanders off and starts playing with his keyboards. He hits upon an amazing metallic rhythm, and Mark hurries to his table to join in. I resume my perch by the window, assuming that the interview has now come to an end, and as I listen to the sounds being created around me I feel honoured to be hearing what I'm hearing. It's not everyday one gets to see - and hear - the improvisational process at work and in such fine form.

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shoot for the stars Shindig

9 DAYS WONDER
POUND
SUGARCANDY MOUNTAIN
October 3, 1995

The start of October inevitably means three things: 1) there's an election somewhere in Canada; b) turkey sales are up across the country; and c) Shindig continues to get better as it progresses past the first round of competition (In other words, this is where it starts to get interesting.).

The first band to play this week was the guitar/bass/drums trio 9 Days Wonder. There's was a spirited but not particularly memorable performance. In a few words, buzzy rock songs with vocals that could have been stronger.

Next were Pound. I quite liked the first ten or fifteen minutes of their eclectic set of Zappa-meets-Primus-in-an-elevator kind of music, but after a while it seemed as though they were overdoing it. Lots of creativity and even more great technique, but one can only endure so much six-string bass, guitar finger-tapping and wah-wah pedals. Maybe it's best to take this band by the ounce...

Sugarcandy Mountain were on third and also got off to a promising start. Identifiably sixties in nature, several of their songs had a Zombies-esque/British Invasion sound, with loose and jazzy drumming, jangly guitars etc, etc. Somewhere in the middle of their set they lost it though, and their songs filtered into basic pop-rock tunes. Perhaps a wee bit more original than the first two bands, but just not as interesting to hear.

I guess you could say that Shindig is a little like an election, except that the only constituency voting consists of the five judges. There choice of candidate to endorse this week? Sugarcandy Mountain

Brian Wieser

JUNIPER DAILY
KNOCKIN' DOG
THE HOOLIGANS
October 10, 1995

The quality of band and the variety of music played at Shindig is making the judges' job a hard one, and this night was no exception. Three quite disparately influenced bands and a lot of good musicians showed that local music is in good health.

Juniper Daily played a very nice set of pop-influenced songs which were well written and well played in a rather subdued fashion. The band was quite good, with the highlight probably being the lead singer's lovely, clear voice (good back-up vocals too), which was put to fine use with the melodies in their songs.

The second band, Knockin' Dog, were the victors of the soiree, and this was most likely due to their superior musical abilities and the fact that they were damn fun to watch - they totally enjoyed playing (or they appeared to) and this made it a very enjoyable set. Quite reminiscent of Zappa in their freestyle explorations of sound, they paid worthy tribute to his legacy. Despite this rather obvious influence, Knockin' Dog, along with Pound, have been the most refreshingly original bands of the competition thus far.

The Hooligans promised to "suck", but they didn't, really. Low on originality but high on enthusiasm for their oi/ska/punk hybrid, they were loud, they were rockin', and they were a lot of fun, although their volume seemed to drive a few patrons to the nether regions of the Railway Club. Fairly unremarkable, but no doubt they will find many parties at which they can thrash their hearts out.

Angela Danes

A FEW ROOSTERS
1000 STAMPS
SOUTH OF MAIN
October 17, 1995

There was quite an interesting selection of bands on this night, if nothing else. A Few Roosters gave us a tight, well-constructed set of songs of the bleeding sneakers variety made popular by those Bay Area weepers the Counting Crows. AFR were good musicians and they had obviously worked hard on their songs, but if they don't stop venting such vast amounts of spleen during their performances, they'll rupture something. Lighten up, lads!

The absence of women in this competition was made apparent when an exception took the stage to sing for 1000 Stamps (who eventually won the night). The lead singer had a great punk voice, and she wrapped it around some interesting, diverse songs. The band played a really good set, all in all, as the different elements in their music came together well.

South of Main were enjoyable and competent, but failed to make much of an impression. They were all pretty good musicians, but their songs were not distinctive enough to win it for them. However, it was good to see a band actually looking like they were having a bit of fun.

The preliminary rounds are now well past half-way, and the winners so far all have sufficiently diverse musical persuasions that the semi-finals will be three nights of outstanding entertainment.

Sophie Hamley

BONA-FLY
PIPE DREAM
KANEVA
October 24, 1995

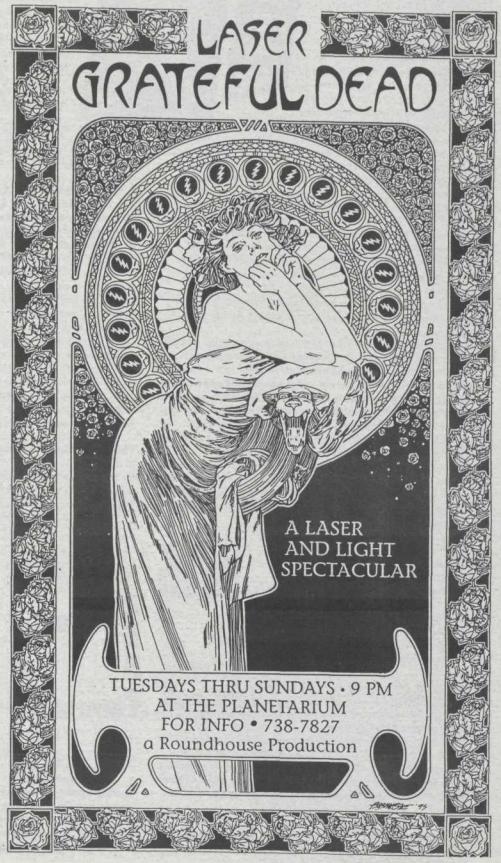
Even though Bona-Fly won this night of competition, prior commitments mean that they will not be able to claim their place in the semi-finals. Instead, the way is now paved for Pipe Dream to spice up those proceedings in a few weeks' time.

Having said that, there was an interesting mix of music tonight, as there has been just about every night. Bona-Fly have a great, laid-back, mellow-funky-thang going. Tight musicianship, great singing (with the male and female voices complementing each other well), and a good beat behind it all made for a totally enjoyable set, which pleased the large number of their fans in attendance.

Three-piece band Pipe Dream played an intense set of moody, swirling music, making very effective use of keyboards, bass and especially the heavy drums. It was suggested to me that their style was a bit too prog-rock, but it was nice to see something different in the competition. A great, structured noise-fest.

Last up were Kaneva, who played kind of jangly, pretty tunes. Their singer had a lovely voice, and they seemed like good musicians, but their music was not too different from a lot of the other bands we've seen. It was pop, and it was enjoyable.

Angela Danes



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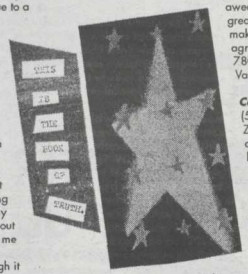
order it from your local record store

between the lines by Andrea & Amber Dawn

I have good news and I have bad news this month. First, the bad news: There were two addresses missing from last month's reviews. I have no real excuse for myself, except to say that I lent the zines to a friend thinking that I would have them back well before the column's due date. I didn't, and I apologize. In an attempt to redeem myself, here are the addresses: *Pupil* c/o Val Taylor, 120 State NE #1510, Olympia, WA, 98501, and *Eightfold Path* c/o Daryl Vocat, Box 22172, Regina, SK, S4S 7H4. These omissions were in no way due to a lack of interest; in fact, both of these zines rocked my world and I highly recommend them.



Now for the good news... Something wonderful happened to me last month when I visited the *DiSCORDER* headquarters for the first time: I discovered the "Between the Lines" mailbox. It's not a mailbox at all, actually, but a small section of a filing cabinet. Nevertheless, in it I found a whole stack of free zines for reviewing - it was like Christmas in July. Receiving anything for free puts a smile on my face, but acquiring new zines without even having to pay postage made me ecstatic. My greediness aside, the mailbox is essential because through it Andrea and I get introduced to new zines we probably wouldn't buy or trade for ourselves, and it's important that we don't limit our reviews exclusively to our own preferences. So send us your zine, whether it be political, artistic, personal, music oriented, or none of these at all. Keep in mind, however, that neither of us will consider any zine containing racist, sexist, homophobic or otherwise discriminatory material. It's unfortunate that we have received some zines (especially music zines) expressing such oppressive attitudes, but for the most part we've been sent thought provoking, positive zines - so keep them coming.

Now, for those of you who haven't quite mastered the art of ordering zines, Andrea has a few tips for you... *-Amber Dawn*

In last month's column, Amber Dawn encouraged zine readers to develop a relationship with the writers of the zines they read. What better opportunity to initiate such a relationship than when ordering a zine? Unfortunately not everyone uses this opportunity, so dealing with mail orders can be one of the more tedious aspects of having a zine. A couple of things to remember when ordering zines: a) Never ever demand a zine. I've received letters that simply said, "Please send your zine. Cash is enclosed." I think that you can figure out on your own why I don't like letters like that - I'd much prefer a note telling me why you are ordering my zine and where you saw my zine mentioned. As well, you could write me back after you've read my zine to tell me what you thought of it; b) Don't forget to send stamps or money. Us zine kids are not the richest people around, and unfortunately nothing is free when ordering a zine. Always send well concealed money/stamps/or International Reply Coupons (IRCs) - you'll have a better chance of receiving what you ordered that way. And remember that zines do sell out and sometimes the writer can't afford to make more copies.

So now that you know how to order a zine lets get on with this months reading selection. - *Andrea*

Flour Power #6
(8.5 x 5.5; 58 pgs)
Those of you who complain about the lack of good zines from Vancouver have obviously overlooked *Flour Power*. Not without reason, though, for at first glance this zine looks only mildly appealing: just a few pictures, and the layouts and type are faintly generic throughout. But if you take the time to read *FP #6*, you'll realize that the literal landslide of information provided in this zine leaves no room for fancy graphics.

Flour Power creator Rejoice uses this issue of her zine to display and respond to the mail that piled up while she was away in Europe. These letters address an array of political issues, such as rape, racism, welfare, abortion, veganism, squatting, classism, anarchy and communism. What really excited me about reading these letters was learning about multinational concerns and opinions. Rejoice corresponds with political activists all over the world, as well as listing a variety of political and supportive organizations and including a selection of international zine and music reviews. She also includes drawings done by her daughter Frieda and discusses parenting, leaving me touched and awed that a single mom has time to produce a project as great as *FP #6*. To quote Rejoice: "I feel doing anything to make change is enough, no matter how little." If you agree, send stamps and money to: Rejoice, P.O. Box 78068 RPO Grandview, 2606 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, BC, V5N 5W1.

Coal For Eyes #2
(5.5 x 6; 16 pgs)
Zines like this always hit me hard. The author writes about the cycles of mental and sexual abuse that she has had to go through with her own family, packing a real punch with her courageous story. What happens when your family, the people who are supposed to teach you trust, teach you not to trust yourself and your gut instincts? This zine disturbed me because it reminded me that child abuse occurs even in the families which you least suspect, and to the people that you are closest to. This is a powerful and unsettling zine that shows a survivor picking up the pieces and fighting back. Send a dollar to: P.O. Box 249,1027 Davie St., Vancouver, BC, VIE 4L2.

Screams From Inside #4
(8.5 x 10; 16 pgs)
Ordinarily, I wouldn't enjoy a zine like *Screams From Inside*. The layout is bland and boring, and the content consists of nothing but band interviews, reviews, and letters to/personal ramblings from the editor. I put my prejudices aside, however, and I was surprised to find that I actually like this newsprint fanzine. And for the one thing that I dread the most in a zine - the interviews.

Carissa has intelligent interviews with hardcore bands Falling Forward, Universal Order of Armageddon and Threadbare, discussing such topics as the boys club atmosphere that can be found in the hardcore/punk scene. Even I have fallen victim to this *sexist mindset, looking down on femininity and losing respect for* girls who wear dresses at shows. But after reading this zine I realize that I don't have to look like everyone else in boys club gear, and now you can usually spot me at a show because I'm one of the few girls wearing a dress. Send $1 US to: Carissa, P.O. Box 13044, Minneapolis, MN, 55414, USA.

This Is the Book of Truth
(6 x 5; 6 pgs)
It's so rare that mini zines get the recognition they deserve. They may not be as much work as a full zine, but good things do come in small packages. *The Book of Truth* questions the nature of truth and why it can hurt, as well as looking at white lies and self-deception. Hollie also includes bits of her own personal truths and, as in her full-size zine *Rally 6*, her humour and sincerity are evident. The truth is that Hollie would love for you to write to her at: 2024a East 1st Ave, Vancouver, BC V5N IB5 (send stamp).

Mary Had a Mammogram #8
(8.4 x 5.5; 20 pgs)
In this angry zine, Heather questions her surroundings and the racism, sexism and mindless norm attitudes that she faces everyday. If I had been as intelligent as Heather when I was 16 years old, well, who knows? I might have blown up my high school a long time ago.

I've always been a fan of Heather Core Poetry, which is actually really powerful spoken word that is written in the form of a first person story. Included here is "Cupcake", the story of a girl who drives her overweight sister to suicide after years of taunting and verbal abuse. Heather also responds to a letter criticizing her for admitting to being anorexic - unlike the writer, though, she is learning to fix her mistakes. Send $1 US and an IRC for the thoughts of a queer grrrl terrorist: P.O. Box 724, Lake Zurich, IL, 60047, USA.

Throwing Rocks #5
(5.5 x 6; 32 pgs)
I genuinely liked *Throwing Rocks*, a lengthy read in which Derek tells personal stories about everything from silly tour antics to telling victim to a pedophile at the age of 13. He also tells us why he chose to drop out of high school and why he does not drink or smoke. What impressed me the most was how Derek has come to recognize his abusive control patterns in his past relationships and how he is working to change them. This humility is what I love about personal zines - not many people can admit to their faults and their past mistakes. Send $1 to Derek Hogue, 121 Lanark St., Winnipeg, MB, R3N IK9.

Fryday Fanzine #1
(8.5 x 5.5; 22 pgs)
Normally I would overlook a zine containing as many reviews as *Friday Fanzine*, but I decided to give it a try anyway. For a first issue, this zine has enough to offer to encourage future issues, including personal views on the local punk scene, major music labels, TV, and abortion. There are also submissions from the Massachusetts Cannabis Reform Coalition/NORML, and a letter from Rome about Italy's Fascist party and economic problems. I must warn anyone who listens to major label alternative music not to get this zine because you are made fun of in it. But for anyone else, it only costs a dollar and a stamp, so why not write? *Fryday Fanzine*, c/o D.P. 282 Bedford St., #7, Abinyton, MA 00351 USA

Absolute #2
(8.5 x 5.5; 20 pgs)
Absolute is a collaboration between zine veterans Inspector X (*Silent Subversion* and *Solid*) and Marty (*Frustrations*). "None of us have stayed the same," they claim, and if you've been following these boys you will see that this statement is true. *Absolute* is a mixture of Marty's feelings and personal stories and Inspector X's poetry. I tend to prefer Marty's work as he writes about what is going on inside his head and a past that seems to haunt him. It's always interesting to be able to see people open up and grow.

The next issue of *Absolute* should be coming out soon, and sources tell me that it's gonna be a split with *Pony Up, Donkey Down*. Until that comes out, why not order *Absolute* and be the first kid on your block to have a XCUTE YET TOUGHX patch? Send $1 to: Marty, 1214 Cypress Place, Port Moody, BC, V3H 3Y7.

YUM #12
(8 x 10; 16 pgs)
The ability to give oneself praise for a job well done is a rare virtue, but the *YUM* girls openly express their love for their zine, as well as their appreciation for other zines.

This zine is a must for movie fans, as Kara is quite the budding film critic. There is also a story of the girls' adventure in Vancouver, which shows that from a visitor's point of view this is an interesting city. More than anything, though, I enjoyed the wacky *YUM* survey results. They really made me laugh. So join the masses who have already written: *YUM* 6303 Beaver Cr., Kamloops, BC, V2C 4V2.

Golden Heart
(5.5 x 6; 20 pgs)
The debut effort of its creator Jennifer, *Golden Heart* is a beautiful zine of poetry and empowerment. Dealing with issues such as abusive relationships and fighting depression, Jennifer's poetry really touched me and made me realize that poetry can be a way of expressing the words you cannot speak.

Zines like these make me want to reach out to the author. I'm definitely looking forward to more zines from Jennifer because, contrary to popular belief, there are a lot of powerful zines coming out of Vancouver. Send $1 to: P.O. Box 249-1027 Davie St., Vancouver, BC, V6E 4L2.

7 inch

by Miko Hoffman & Megan Mallett

IT'S ONLY FITTING THAT WE STARTED OFF OUR COLUMN A few months ago with a line from the **SF Seals** song "Back Again", 'cause they are indeed back again. Not only does the band have a new full-length on Matador Records, but they also have a track on Volume 5 of *Inside Dave's Garage*, a split single series of alternate versions and unreleased tracks by cool indie and semi-indie bands, released by Virginia label Radiopaque Records. The SF Seals occupy side 'ee' on this volume, providing a live acoustic version of the melodic and ultimately optimistic song "Back Again", while side 'e' finds **The Dambuilders** doing their take on "Blockhead", a song originally recorded by Devo.

Dave has also sent us Volume 4 in the series, a split featuring **Shonen Knife** (side 'd') playing an alternate version of "The Little Tree (Vivaldi Groove)", and former Dischord Records band **Shudder to Think** (side 'dd') doing "9 Fingers on You". Cover art and design is by neato artiste Steve Raskin, who is also responsible for the ingenious record covers for various Sub Pop and Simple Machines projects (Remember the matchbook cover 7" for Tsunami?). Even better, proceeds go to the Washington Free Clinic. (By the way, do be sure to check out *Give Me the Cure*, a compilation of 18 Washington DC bands 'interpreting' Cure songs. All proceeds go to the Whitman-Walker Clinic for AIDS Research. (Send correspondence, Pez, and a stamp to Radiopaque Records, P.O. Box 16241, Alexandria, VA, 22302)

Anyone who is a huge **SaBADoh** fan might be interested to know that there is an internet list serve you can subscribe to: Sebadoh-l. And that's not all! There's also an e-zine called *Tasty Threads* and a fanzine called *Escargot*, the latest issue of which, we are happy to report, includes a free 7". *Escargot* is edited by Kathleen Billus, a Boston scenester and Lou Barlow's sweetheart. The 'zine is full of (boring) internet information, "threads" taken off the internet containing show and album reviews, interviews with Julie Cafritz (formerly of Pussy Galore, presently of Free Kitten) and Franklin Bruno, and, most importantly, a 7" co-released by Sick and Tired and Dark Beloved Cloud Records. **Lou Barlow** contributes the first track, "Sorry", a sparse and melodic, Lou Barlow-esque song (funny that, eh?), while Fellow Folk Implosion (one of Barlow's side projects) member **John Davis** supplies the first track on side B, another Lou Barlow-esque song, but with stranger, cuter vocals. The treat on this record, however, is the last song, "Disk Quota Exceeded", by **Rula Lenska** (sorry, not the model but the band), which consists of *Escargot* zine editors Windy Chien and Jeanne with another woman named Laura. Three women making cool, noisy sounds. (Sick and Tired: 1230 Market St. #224, San Francisco, CA, 94102; Dark Beloved Cloud: 5-16 47th Rd. #3L, Long Island City, NY, 11101)

Our third compilation for the month is more a bizarre documentary than a compilation as such. ***Sounds of the American Fast Food Restaurants - Vol. 1*** features ten authentic field recordings full of dark humour and American kitsch, with an introduction by Ryan Kerr of the Golding Institute and narration by Greg Turkington. The most disturbing of the tracks (all of which were recorded in various Californian restaurants) is from the Hot Dog on a Stick, while the Subway recording is most yawn-inspiring (probably a good thing). Believe it or not, future recordings in this series include *Sounds of Californian Car Rental Agencies*, *Sounds of San Franciscan Adult Bookstores*, and *Sounds of the American Multi-Plex Theater Chains*. Oh, and don't forget to check out vol. 2 of *The Fast Food Restaurants*. Makes us glad we're Canadian! (Dolor Del Estamago, apdo postal 12-500, 01344 Tamaulipas, Mexico.)

While we're on the weird stuff, **Austin Texas** (the band) has sent us their latest offering. The a-side, "Indy Rock Girl", managed to thoroughly confuse us with its mix of musical styles. The song starts out with violins and what sounds like classically trained female vocals, then turns into a classic indie rock number complete with feedbacking guitars, crunchy bass and a male vocalist. The song then switches back to piano music with the guitar feedback still going, but this time the vocals are male harmonies. The b-side songs are sort of like a combination between Smog and the Velvet Underground. This is lo-fi creativity at its best. (Good Witch Records, 6660 Washington Avenue, #3E, St. Louis, MO, 63130)

A reliable source tells us that "urusei" means noisy in Japanese, which is an apt description of the music made by ***Urusei Yatsura***. UK label Che Records, also home to Slipstream and 18th Dye, has released a two-song 7" by this band, packaged in a bright orange sleeve covered with sad silver hello kitties. We prefer the b-side song, a heavier, distorted track ironically entitled "Lo-fi" even though it was recorded to 16 track. Kind of like a really punk sounding Seam. (Urusei Yatsura, 335 Gt Western Road, 1/L, Glasgow G4 9H5/ Che Records, PO Box 653, London, E18 ZNX/ e-mail: che@cheltd.demon.co.uk)

The Secret Stars probably won't remain a secret for too long, if we have anything to say about it! A couple of seasons ago we happened upon a Shrimper Records cassette by this band. It proved to be a delightful find full of wonderful no-fi pop songs and confusing noise tracks, all done by two folks, Geoffrey C.F. and Jodi V.B. Now we're pleased to say we can tell you about their beautiful new single, encompassed in thick blue/grey cardboard with silver-ink stars and constellations on it. The two songs on this record are much lusher sounding than those on the Shrimper tape, despite being recorded to four track, and feature sweet boy vocals and strong girl vocals with clear guitar sounds and not much more. But who needs more when you have lo-fi perfection? (Secret Stars: P.O. Box 921, Allston, MA, 02134/ Simple Machines: P.O. Box 10290 Arlington, VA, 22210)

Have you ever bought a record just because of the packaging? If so, be warned: we predict that some time in the near future you're going to purchase the single by **Piper Cub** (no relation to the Vancouverites we'll be mentioning later in this column). Piper Cub is another one of those superstar bands, this one being composed of Jim from Velocity Girl, Andrew from Tsunami, and John from Edsel. Their record holds two songs of typical indie-pop with lyrics such as "Oh, baby, give me one more chance; you know I'll take it . . . woo hoo..." But you should see the paper airplane this record comes with! You have to put it together yourself, of course, but that's half the fun. Sub Pop's gotta stop spending so much money on packaging - it's making us poor folks feel rather uncreative.

The new **Cub/Potatomen** 7"/CD-EP is the first in a series of split singles to be co-released by Vancouver's Mint Records and Berkeley's Lookout Records, with each record featuring one Mint band and one Lookout band. Our cub ain't so cuddly anymore on this platter, as songs titles such as "The Day I Said Goodbye" (full of retro-pop hooks) and "Exit" (a longer, driving bound-to-be-a-hit song) suggest. Cub are sounding more and more jaded and bitter - join the club, we say!

The Potatomen follow up their full-length CD on Lookout with two songs, "The Beautiful and the Damned" and "Arcata". A surprisingly light and poppy sound (with Morrissey-esque vocals) from Laurence Livermore (Lookout's head honcho himself) and co. (Mint Records: #699-810 W. Broadway, Vancouver, BC V5Z 4C9/ Lookout Records: PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

Also on Mint/Lookout, though not a split, is the latest offering from punk veterans **The Mr. T Experience**. The single starts off well enough with a great, tongue in cheek pop-punk anthem to the alternative lifestyle ("Alternative is Here to Stay"). The b-side song, however, reveals the band's annoying tendency toward extreme guy-rawk, with lyrics about a new girlfriend having "bigger breasts and a higher IQ/she's a-wiggin' and a-gigglin' and a bakin' a pie..." We assume this is also tongue in cheek, but it just ain't funny.

Don't let the cover to the new **Shiva Speedway** 7" scare you away from listenin' to it, cuz it's worth it. "Twister" b/w "Hell" is the follow-up to a split 7" the band did with Quivver on Harriet Records. A three piece (2 gals on guitar, one on drums), Shiva Speedway play aggressive, Sonic Youth-influenced music, and they can proudly say they've shared the stage with such bands as the Raincoats, Come, Bedhead, Blonde Redhead, and Boss Hog. Need we say more? (Fire Eater Records, PO Box 390643, Cambridge, MA, 02139)

Speaking of Harriet Records, they've been kind enough to send us a couple of their latest releases this month. First up: **The Receptionists**' *Keep Your Secrets* EP. We don't know too much about this New York group, except that we like their, dare we say, cute brand of twee-pop. Interesting song arrangements, good use of flute, accordion, and xylophone, and sweet female vocals and harmonies make us want to call The Receptionists a less produced, less poppy Pest 5000. It also features neat song titles like "Eyebrow Dirge", "The Lament of the Soldier's Wife" and "Wink Wink" (as in keep your secrets, wink wink), and a great interpretation of the traditional song "Fairy Dance". (Receptionists Box 1500 Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, NY, 12601/ Harriet Records: Box 649, Cambridge, MA, 02238)

Also on Harriet is Louisville, Kentucky's **Hula Boy**, with their new 7" *January 17, 1912*. The the title track is a quiet, strummy folk-pop song, while the first song on the flip side, "Henry is Calling", is full of Moog-doodling, with samples of an operator asking if someone will accept a collect call. The second song on side-b is another Moog-laden ditty with vocals in a folky vein. Heartwarming and simple. (Hula Boy c/o 166 Pope Street, Louisville, KY, 40206)

We've saved the best for last: the Canadian poop! Startin' way far away in Halifax, it's those sweet poppers **Plumtree** with *Water Had Leaked Into My Suit*, on that tasty East Coast indie label Cinnamon Toast Records. This follow-up to the band's *Flutterboard* cassette is on swirly dark grey vinyl and continues to show off Plumtree's great musical abilities. Side one consists of "The Phone the Phone", a fast, Juliana Hatfield-styled guitar song, and "Uno", a cute, jazzy ditty. The sole song on side two, "Sodium Chloride", is a medium tempo pop ballad. Yummy. (Cinnamon Toast Records, PO Box 2665 Halifax Central, Halifax, NS, B3J 3PL or e-mail: msg@ra.isis.netcom)

Trophy "Best Boozer" Records has sent us a split 7" by **The Stinkies** (new incarnation of the fabulous Leather Uppers) and **The Knuckle Dusters**. Two great garage punk hits by two great garage punk bands. No wank, no wimp, just a helluvalotta rawkin' fun. (Trophy Records, 89 Seaforth Ave., Toronto, ON, M6K 1N8)

While we're on the topic of garage rock, Shindig '94 winners **Meow** have finally released something! With six songs on pink swirly vinyl, their record is interesting because the songs seem to start mid-note. But other than that, this is straight ahead girl garage rock, with a definite catty theme. Check out side b for the catchiest of catchy feline tunes. (Twist Like This Records, P.O. Box 540995, Houston, TX, 77254)

And hey, while we're on the topic of Shindig, 1991 contest winners **Brand New Unit** have a new, self-titled 7" which seems to be their first release on HeartFirst Records of Germany and Japan. Three songs of political angst with consistently fast, crunchy and catchy riffs by this Vancouver quartet. Hi-fi production by Blair Calibaba and cool cover design by local artist Atomos. (BNU c/o 2360 Windsor Street, Vancouver, BC, V5T 3Z5)

Gob. How many times can we say punk? Punk. Punk. Punk. Punk. Punk. Punk. On clear green vinyl, apparently endorsed by the Jolly Green Giant. The Gobbers do it again on their second LandSpeed release, *Green Beans and Almonds*. (LandSpeed, 386-1027 Davie Street, Vancouver, BC, V6E 4L2)

Last but certainly not least, **Ten Days Late** have released their second 7" on their own KLARK Records. The a-side, "Out of Tune", is more punk and less metal sounding than their previous recorded material. The b-side, "Helicopter Head," is definitely the pop hit. It's short, light-hearted and reminds us of Kreviss. (Ten Days Late, Box 162-916 West Broadway, Vancouver, BC, V5Z 1K7)

real live action

RAY CONDO
THE HAYSEEDERS
Treehouse Lounge
Saturday, October 21

You know, I always wondered what happened to those guys with the huge slick pompadours, big sidebums, and muscle shirts - you know, the ones who'd always be down front at those Stray Cats concerts. Apparently they're hanging out at the new(ish) Treehouse Lounge down at the St. Regis, where, in the midst of a recent Ray Condo show, they seemed right at home (but so did the rest of us).

Opening the show were the Hayseeders, a local (I assume) group I've never heard of. Not too shabby as instrumentalists, especially their fiddler. Weak on the vocals, though. I would definitely check out these guys again, especially if they took notes from Ray!

One of Ray Condo's gifts seems to be in attracting an enthusiastic and varied crowd who just come to have a good time. For the uninitiated, an old(er) guy in a cowboy hat with a beat-up guitar fronting a mandolin, snare drum and stand-up bass might seem pretty darn square. Visuals aside, these guys can rock. Ray's on-stage patter is almost as brilliant and twisted as his takes on country and rockabilly gems. And the dance floor never emptied for long.

Those young whippersnappers bands out there could learn much from a slick cat like Ray. His treads are far from wearin' thin... This guy deserves more attention and a wider audience, so look for his next gig and git your pals down there. Yeehaw!

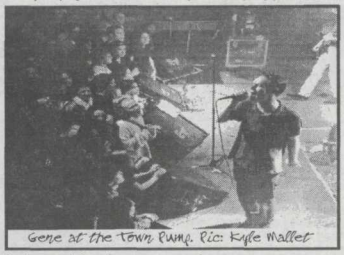
Val Cormier

THINKING FELLERS UNION LOCAL 282
STRAPPING FIELDHANDS
IMAGINEERS
Starfish Room
Thursday, October 19

Things started quietly at the Starfish Room on this night. The Imagineers, a bass-guitar-drums trio, started their show with a heart-warming display of amity, shaking hands with each other. Twice. They then cut into a set of bog-standard, classic-rock style electric blues in the Steve Earle idiom, except not as good. It was pretty much 70s music meant for a late 80s beer commercial. The Imagineers seemed to be doing their damndest, but, in the end, their name turned out to be just so much false advertising.

Next up were the Strapping Fieldhands, from Philidelphia. A quartet composed of two guitars, bass, and drums, they relied pretty heavily on tried and true pop melodies and didn't really seem to go anywhere with them. With the exception of the last song, the two guitars were pretty much just aping each other, and the bass and drum lines were none too inspired. The band did a poor a job of capturing the crowd's attention, and their performance was received with polite but unenthusiastic applause.

As disappointed as I was by the first two bands, I was impressed by the Thinking Fellers. A five-piece band from San Francisco, they played some fantastic and bizarre music with some of the most original melodies I've heard for a while. Sometimes they had a bass, drums, and three guitars going - each guitar playing something different and adding up to a really enjoyable whole - and sometimes guitars were traded for a violin or a banjo. The band is very egalitarian in doling out its vocals - each member seemed to contribute equally to the singing over the course of the show - and they have a pretty disturbing way of delivering them at times, as when the men changed midstream from soft bass to deranged falsetto. The Thinking Fellers also manage to create a particularly interesting and original quality in their playing, producing a number of sounds of which I wouldn't have thought their instruments capable. At one point, the bassist, Anne Eickelberg, called for a beer bottle and proceeded to play her bass with it. Not as a slide on the neck, though - she seemed to be using it to drive the strings into a kind of haunting and ethereal opiated frenzy.



Gene at the Town Pump. Pic: Kyle Mallet

All it all, it was a hell of a show. I went in not knowing much about the Thinking Fellers' music, and I left it wanting to learn a bunch.

Adam Monahan

BUFFALO TOM
JENNIFER TRYNIN
THE INBREDS
Commodore Ballroom
Sunday, October 15

As evenings of pure, unadulterated musical pleasure go, this one will be hard to beat. Each act was worthy of headlining, turning in a great performance and great songs. If anything, the actual headliners were the least worthy. But more of that later.

Kingston's The Inbreds started promptly at 8 p.m. and justified the upward trajectory their popularity has taken of late. They are a two-man force-de-pop, entertaining and appealing. Lead singer/bassist Mike O'Neill's ability to cajole all sorts of sounds out of just four strings is amazing. The relatively meagre crowd that saw them play were uniformly appreciative, and obviously cognizant of the fact that The Inbreds are, in short, unreal.

The nicest surprise of the evening came from Bostonian Jennifer Trynin and her band, bassist Mike County and drummer Chris Foley. Songs that were good, strong rock tunes on record reached their explosive potential when performed live. Trynin is a guitar diva sans pareil, almost overshadowing her distinctive voice in the course of her six-stringed antics. All three musicians impressed individually and as a cohesive, blasting whole, because, basically, they are bloody good; and they set a standard that Buffalo Tom, in some ways, did not meet.

Buffalo Tom seem to be at that taken-for-granted stage - everyone knows they are a good live band with pop gems of songs, so it is a given that they will be enjoyable. And they were, but in a way it was too predictable. In light of the Jennifer Trynin powerhouse and the (somewhat) new breed of power-pop so well represented by The Inbreds, the Boston trio weren't as exciting as they once might have been. The excellent musical abilities of Trynin and her band made Buffalo Tom seem somehow less accomplished. I wanted desperately to like them as much as when I first saw them play, and their songs are good, but they weren't as remarkable as the other two bands. Ah, whatever - it was a damn fine night of music.

Sophie Hamley

13 ENGINES
TREBLE CHARGER
Town Pump
Saturday, October 14

Treble Charger are one of my favourite bands at the moment and they have been since I first heard them last year. Perhaps an attitude like that will never make for the most objective review, but I think I can safely say that Treble Charger lived up to their high standards. Piercing, driving and melodic songs, with an energy that few bands have, allowed them to wow the audience (whether they realized it or not!), most of whom were there for the headliners. Their actual sound was another matter though. It may have been because their regular sound technician was working the Halifax Pop Explosion, or maybe because the band couldn't quite gel with someone else at the board, but the noise coming through the Town Pump's loudspeakers was a jumbled mess.

13 Engines aren't a band I've ever been terribly fond of. The occasional ditty may have perked my ears in the past, but I never saw reason to seek out more by them. I suppose I could say they're as good as their songs but unfortunately for me, I didn't like more than a few. The full crowd (many of them in a moshing mood) certainly enjoyed 13 Engines, and I don't know if that says more about my tastes or the crowd's. They played their anthemic rock songs to people that genuinely liked them, I just didn't happen to be one of those people.

Brian Wieser

SUPERGRASS
THE FIGGS
Starfish Room
Thursday, October 12

It was a night of infectious rock at the Starfish Room. First up, The Figgs. These guys were the perfect opening band - they rocked the house just enough to get the crowd riled up and smiley faced, but not so much that they put the headliners to shame. They pulled off such opening band pizazz by means of their fast, melodic, guitar-driven grit rock and an equally energetic on-stage attitude. These four guys were all smiles and bopping heads, with a few spontaneous knee crunching leaps thrown in for David Lee Roth Rock credibility. Three spritely young bucks with guitars took turns singing lead and harmonizing on back-up vocals, and it was this constant interjection of melody which made their music so headboppingly, heels hoppingly infectious. No matter how loud, fast

or hard the song got there was always a catchy tune tugging at your toes and equally melodious vocals tickling your ears. The Figgs are one of those bands who just look like they're having so much damn fun pounding out the tunes on stage. None of that shoe gazing, sensitive indie rock fiddling with the fuzz pedal between every song, these guys have a raw energy and a totally unpretentious air which make them and their music simply irresistible. Their songs have titles like "Chevy Nova" and "Cherry Blow Pop", and, appropriately enough, they dedicated one tune to Vancouver's own infectious rockers, the Smugglers. I say appropriately because if I were to lump The Figgs in with anyone, The Smuggs would probably be it, if only for their similar on-stage chutzpah.

Unfortunately, after being so revved up by The Figgs, the crowd was forced to endure forty minutes of lag time in between bands, after which they were ready to be fired up again. So when Britain's Supergrass finally took the stage I'd have to say that the majority of the audience was more than ready to love them. As was I, but somehow, despite my full-on readiness to be rocked, I thought the performance fell a little flat. Although I'd probably be hard-pressed to find an audience member who'd agree with me, because technically the show was pretty much flawless, I just thought it was a little too predictable. There weren't any surprises - the lads looked, to the tress, exactly as they did in every publicity photograph ever published of the band, and they delivered a steady diet of familiar hits from their full length release *I Should Coco* (OK, maybe familiar to me, because I've worn out the CD until it's nothing more than a rainbow on a platter). They did play a Kinks cover as well as a poppin' version of a sentimental Kenny Rogers tune, but the greater part of their set consisted of crowd-pleasing *Coco*. In addition, the set was quite short and the blokes didn't provide much in the way of on-stage banter, but my main beef is that they just didn't do anything on stage which I hadn't already heard them do on the album - which I guess is no crime. So what am I grumbling about? Oh... never mind.

Kazi Stastna

LUNA
Town Pump
Wednesday, October 11

I have to admit that I'm usually one of those people who are in bed by midnight, so concerts can be a bit of slog for me because I usually just want to go home and sleep. Damn, I wish the band would hurry up, so I can go home and roll in to bed.

Luna woke me up after the stupor I was in following openers Superflux, who were so nondescript that I can't even describe them. Luna are so magically pop *that you can't help but feel all is right in the universe*. The show flowed along very nicely indeed and tunes from all three Luna releases were trotted out and I got to sing along with some of my fave Luna lines, especially from "California (All the Way)" - "I'm livin' like a trucker does/Even though I haven't got the belly." Not many lyricists can create vocalist Dean Wareham's observations, but Dean, honey, SMILE, for God's sake! Luna will certainly win no awards for their energy level but their songs and musicianship were so good, I didn't care. Hell, I was willing to stay up way past my beddie-byes time for them and they only did one encore and we milled around, waiting for them to reappear, but no such luck. Jeez, I don't stay up late for just anyone, boys!

June Scudeler

JAWBREAKER
SICKO
CHINCHILLA
Town Pump
Tuesday, October 3

Chinchilla started this night off with their all-female line up, rousing people to dance and pay attention. They weren't our thing, though, so we mingled.

Next up was Sicko, who we'd seen a few months back at the Starfish Room. It's simple, it's punk, and maybe if so many bands didn't sound like this nowadays it would have been cooler. We like them but don't love them and once again found ourselves mingling. They did have a lot of crowd response though, so hey, what do we know?

Jawbreaker rocked! The sound wasn't the best but we loved it and so did the crowd. There were continuous requests for "Chesterfield King" off of *Bivouac* which they finally played to an enthusiastic, devoted, lip syncing throng of fans. The pit was moving the whole time and everyone seemed satisfied. Jawbreaker played songs from their new album *Dear You* as well as previous releases , finishing the night off with "Bivouac", the powerful last track from the album of the same name. We laughed, we cried, we shared a moment.

Steve & Mike

THE GARDEN
THE BRAINEATERS
BLACK MARKET BABIES
The Rage
Wednesday, September 27

Tonight's show was billed as a multimedia art rave. Now, I've been to a few raves in my time, and this was not one. If anything, it felt like Morrissey's wake, or a Labatt Ice commercial.

First up was the fashion show. Overall, it was rather tepid, which was surprising for something with a sexually charged S&M theme. Imagine the Twilight Zone as a strip joint, only worse.

The first band of the night was the Black Market Babies, who fall into the glam-punk category (imagine early Motley Crue as a Ramones/Dead Boys cover band). Although the snide remarks directed at these guys were coming in fast and furious, I *thought* they weren't bad. This band could be really good if they concentrated more on the music and passion, and less on the hair dye (black, of course).

Luna Pic: Kyle Mallet

The Braineaters also played tonight, if you can call it that. What is this? Chris Houston with Alzheimer's Disease? I think you better stick with painting, Jim.

There was also a heavy metal haircut slide show. Some looked like Warrant and Ratt rejects, others looked like out-takes from Outlaw Biker magazine. Can you say cheezy? I knew you could. As a matter of fact, the ripe scent of aged cheddar seemed to be wafting through the building...

Last up, and the perpetrators of this event, were the Garden, who were surprisingly good. They were technically proficient and melodic. Although they sounded a bit too much like the Sisters of Mercy (as well as other goth bands of that ilk), they had a bluesy undertone which offset it very well.

Even though I enjoyed some aspects of the show (being somehing of a sick puppy, I found the piercing exhibition quite...alluring), I thought that the blatantly 'alternative' undertone was rather patronising. The Gen X scene as brought to you by the Province and U.T.V.

Keith Courage

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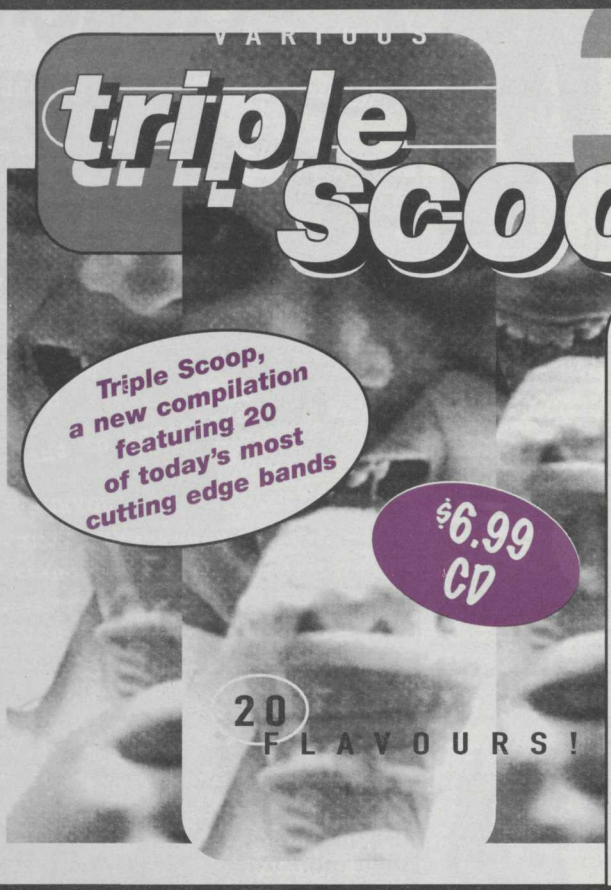

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EMI MUSIC CANADA

under review

BLUR
The Great Escape
(EMI)

Many articles have said that Blur will never make it in America because they're too English. For me, that is their charm and I admire them for not sounding like Green Day. Why should they? With the advance of so called American culture across the globe, Blur's Englishness should be applauded, not seen as a liability. If America doesn't get it, it's their loss.

Vocalist and lyricist Damon Albarn loves to make English archetypes come to life - the lead-off is called "Stereotypes" after all. The most effective use of these archetypes is in "Globe Alone" with it's chorus of "He is because he saw it on a commercial break/and if he doesn't get what/he wants then he'll get a headache/because he wants it, needs it, almost loves it." It also features the bang on line "Who's mobile phone gives him the bone/who very keen on Sharon Stone."

The Great Escape's musical styles change from the Specials-inspired "Fade Away" to the space age ballad "Yuko and Hiro". It is a joy to put on a CD that you don't know what to expect from because of it's sheer variety and quality. Amazingly clever anti-consumerism packaging, too.

June Scudeler

BUNNYGRUNT
Action Pants
(No Life Records)

If the Brady Bunch made a band, they would sound like this St. Louis trio. Band members Matt, Karen, Renee and unofficial fourth member Dave, strum out (insert cute adjective) and simple melodies. However, I would put money on the fact that deep down they want to be an evil band. Song titles like "Super Star 666" and "Criminal Band" give the listener a hint to the dark lining in the silver cloud. Further evidence can be found in "G.I.2k" in which the happy melody is complimented by short bursts of senseless noise... Bang your ponytail. The next time you invite the cheerleaders over for pop and chips, pull out Bunnygrunt and bop yourself silly.

Dave

THE DANDY WARHOLS
The Dandy Warhols
(Tim Kerr Records)

You want some new music. You want honesty and emotion and power and soul. You want truth. You're sick of the Green Day/Soul Asylum epidemic and you want a change, you want things to go back to normal. I know.

The Dandy Warhols are those slivers of light that manage to penetrate your blinds every morning. They wake you and remind you that things are still new, come out and see. "...none of my friends would bother to even bother...Philip wants to be a rock star but he's a bit uptight...and he sits on the couch all night..." Courtney Taylor's voice floats over and under and over and pulls you in headlong all the way. It won't leave you alone.

And the music. The songs are so full and honest, complete with a Jew's harp, a mandolin, a sitar, and a flute. "Not Your Bottle", "Just Try", and "Nothing" manage to capture the slow and moody sincerity and subtle streams of emotions that haven't been captured since Jane's Addiction.

Jeremy Lanaway

DEAD VOICES ON AIR
Hafted Maul
(Invisible)

Is it noise? Is it art? You decide. Obviously not for the timid, Hafted Maul follows a formless and discordant path that deconstructs melody and will leave the less ambitious scratching their heads. Mark Spybey, formerly of the pioneering industrial avant garde group Zoviet France, has now based himself in Lotusland and hooked up with cEvin Key (Skinny Puppy) to produce an abstraction of popular music. Unidentifable frequencies merge into a soundscape intentionally devoid of riff and beat. Many will think Dead Voices on Air is a waste of time. Then again, in his time, Van Gogh sold his paintings in bistros for a drink.

P. Hofmann

THE GERALDINE FIBBERS
Lost Somewhere Between the Earth and My Home
(Virgin)

It's nice to know that classical instruments can still be used to create fresh and innovative music. The Geraldine Fibbers are a five piece band from Los Angeles featuring two guitors, drums, a double bass and violin (alternating with the viola). The sound that is produced is a nice change of pace to hear. Carla Bozulich has an amazing voice which could probably sell a band by itself, and the arrangements of instrumentals are equally proficient. The previously independently released single "Dragon Lady" is definitely one of the highlight tracks, but songs such as "The French Song" and "Lillibelle" show that there is much more to the band. Lost Somewhere... is a mixture of rock, country and folk all rolled into one, and it's good. Hmm... maybe I'll start playing my cello again...

Grahame Quan

GIEZ
The Ambient Room
(Hypnotic)

With a generous assortment of relatively fast BPMs on several tracks, this so-called 'ambient' CD is a rather inappropriately titled piece of work. However, it's the tracks without beats, like "Speeches", "Dim Voices", "Moisture" and "French Cook", that really stand out from the crowd. These 'ambient' tracks are really interesting and I wish there were more like these. As for the rest of the disk, it's pretty mediocre electronica, and "Voices", featuring vocals by Kenneth Raaberg, makes me cringe everytime I hear it.

Brian Wright

GOB
Too Late... No Friends
(Mint)

I'm not really schooled in the punk rock thing, so I can't judge the relative quality of this CD. I can say that there are twenty songs in all, including a Smugglers cover ("Hey Stephanie"), and that the track "Marching Song", an entirely instrumental piece made up of kazoos and other human derived sounds, is really funny. It's difficult to distinguish most of the songs, but a few that really stand out are "Extra, Extra", "Asshole TV", and "I Don't Know". It's fast, it's punk and it's not dead.

Grahame Quan

LOOP GURU
Amrita...All These and the Japanese Soup Warriors
(North South Records)

From the Notion posse that brought the world Fun-Da-Mental and Trans Global Underground, Loop Guru once again assumes its supremacy over EVERY single ethnohouse outfit in the entire world with this outing. But how to explain this breed of perfection? Description is beyond mortal understanding, therefore let me quote something from long ago and far away: "The viewing of the Mind contains ten divisions. The first is the viewing of the realm of the inconceivable. The second is the excitation of the merciful heart. The third is skillful and tranquil concentration and insight. The fourth is the refutation of the (laws) universally. The fifth is the recognition passage and obstruction. The sixth is cultivation of the paths of the Way. The seventh is resistance to impediments and ancillary acts of opening one's vision. The eighth is knowledge of order and degree. The ninth is the ability to acquiesce with tranquility. The tenth is absence of (law) craving." - Zhi Kai

I couldn't have said it better myself. Five lotus flowers out of five. (But is that a prepubescent vagina on the cover?)

Christian

MARILLION
Afraid of Sunlight
(EMI)

Pink Floyd fans, this one's for you. From the wild cover art to the religious overtones to the mellow atmosphere, Afraid of Sunlight is absolutely full of Floyd influences. However, Marillion is not simply a Pink Floyd rip-off, and this album is a great one in its own right. There is not a weak track in the bunch of them. Melodic guitars swirl around simple rhythms and a synthesizer background, giving the listener an hour of pure bliss. I usually like loud obnoxious party bands, but I am indeed very impressed by Marillion's Afraid of Sunlight.

Peter Stevens

MOUSE ON MARS
Iaora Tahiti
(Too Pure)
EAT STATIC
Abduction
(Attic/Planet Dog)

In the world of ambient techno, Germany injected a degree of Teutonic (i.e. 'dark') kinetic energy perhaps signified best by, say, Sven Vath or the folks at Tresor. Mouse on Mars don't happen to fall into the same school of thought as their brethren. Iaora Tahiti, their second LP (the first being the fantastic Vulvaland LP), sounds Einsturzendeckunky, with shades of Ultramarine-folk and ugh! jungle (yuck). Is this a good sign? Well, I definitely liked the tracks "Hallo", "Schunkel" and "Kompod" because they sounded like the Mouse on Mars with which the world is already familiar. Another thing is that the album is twice as long as the first LP, perhaps making up for quality with quantity.

Eat Static's Abduction easily has the year's most lame album cover, making X-Files special FX look Industrial Light and Magic-good. But who cares! It's a great album! Well, half of it is anyway. Some tracks are rave fodder, like any 808 State album out there, but others gleam like an Orbital, Underworld or LFO album. Tracks like "Golf Breeze" and "Splitting World" make ya wanna slap your dancing shoes on and... Holy shit, I'm getting too old for this.

Christian

THE PAPILLOMAS
Corolla
(Hub City Records)

Corolla reminds me why The Papillomas were my pick for Shindig winners last year (though they ended up coming in second to Meow): witty lyrics over music reminiscent of the major label-era Replacements (maybe a little too much so at times) and Buffalo Tom. Not all of the songs are standouts, and by no means do I compare this CD with BT or the Mats. However, there's definitely some potential here, and, given a few years, the Papillomas could develop into a band of their calibre. In the meantime, Corolla is still worth checking out, especially for songs such as "Ted Nugent's Spine", "Piece of Corn", and "Yeah". These are the songs that stood out the most to me at Shindig, and I think the fact that I still remember seeing them play those songs is something of a testament to their quality.

Brian Wieser

JOHN PATITUCCI
Mistura Fina
(GRP/MCA)

Translated from the Portuguese, Mistura Fina means fine mixture. Aptly titled, bassist John Patitucci's alchemy of jazz and Brazilian rhythms employs some of that country's greatest purveyors of a music style that is rapidly growing in appeal to a mass North American audience. Although not well known north of the Equator, names such as Joao Bosco, Ivan Lins and Dori

SHAKE
THE RECORD LABEL

DDT LOTGOOP SALD 224
Certainly no strangers to the Vancouver scene. Finally product to support all the live shows. For those not in the know, this is a hybrid mix of ska, punk, rap delivered with one mighty sonic boom...

Drop City Chiaroscuro SALD 218
The follow-up to A Revolution..., this is more fuzzed out than the last, features a fine cover of the Spacemen 3 classic "Losing Touch..."

Godstar Coastal 2LP set only (no CD) HAC42
20 tracks over 2LPs of perfect my-fi pop. Nic Dalton and friends (Smudge etc.) continue to pump out PC (pop correct) ditties.

Hunters & Collectors Demon Flower SALD 220
This has the angst and noise of the early Conny Plank produced stuff and the songwriting/pop sensibilities of Human Frailty period. Like his Australian peers Paul Kelly and Ed Kuepper, Mark Seymour is a storyteller/songwriter. If you ever had a soft spot for these guys, return, you won't be disappointed.

The Nectarine No 9 Niagara Falls SALD 214
"A complete hussy, coated in a becoming arrogance - the most ridiculously under-recognized pop organism" The brilliance of Davey Henderson (of the FineEngines/Win) and crew is not to be missed. Kelman won the Booker, Irvine Welsh Trainspotting is a must read too. All eyes on Scotland... No need to be a cynical bastard I suppose... Just don't ignore this one.

The Nectarine No 9 Saint Jack SALD 223
Davey Henderson returns with one of the most important releases of the year. Melody Maker says "Saint Jack is a serious achievement. No other band could get away with this--most wouldn't even think of trying."

Punchbuggy All Nite Christian Rollerskate SALD 220
One final West Coast tour, before the band heads to the studio to start work on the new album. Look for dates in mid/late November probably with Trigger Happy. Also new 7" out on Montreal's Mag Wheel Records.

The Vacant Lot Shake Well SALD 222
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Caymmi are legendary in South America. *Mistura Fina* blends jazz textures within a Latin framework that relies on being quietly tasteful as a collective rather than being a showcase for individual talents. Well worth a listen.

P. Hofmann

PIGFACE
Feels Like Heaven...Sounds Like Shit
(Invisible)
Banking on the success of the *Notes from the Underground* LP, and banking on it heavily, are remixes of the most popular tracks from said LP. Yes, it's a remix album, so you'd better be a Pigface freak to love this one. However, if listening to the same songs over and over again, albeit mixed by DHS, Skatenigs, Youth, Psychic TV, and Law & Order, isn't your thing, move on and wait until the next, forthcoming, LP. If it is your thing, though, go to track 16 and enjoy the apex of what this here outfit has attained.

Christian

THE PORKERS
Grunt
(Moon Ska NYC)
Ah, yes, ska based on and performed by users of alcohol, pot, surfboards and sex... And who better to pull it off than a bunch of crazed surfer Aussies from Newcastle. You won't find any deep themes or songs that will make you ponder love, politics, or anything except having fun. A fast-paced mix of guitar and horn driven ska and surfpunk. Rippin' covers of "Hawaii 5-0" and "California Sun". Don't head to the beach without it!

Ska-T

RANCID
...And Out Come the Wolves
(Epitaph)
Besides the melodic punk songs on Rancid's new CD, my favourite aspect of their latest release is the ska songs they've included. Rancid seems to be remembering the roots of their founding members, formerly of Operation Ivy, and tracks like "Time Bomb" and "Old Friend" add a nice change on this 19-song CD. Other highlights include "Journey to the End of the East Bay", a song in Rancid's usual punk rock style which tells of Operation Ivy's break-up, and "Junkie Man", a poetry piece by Jim Carroll (and the source of the CD 's title). *...And Out Come the Wolves* is excellent - very up-beat and guaranteed to put a smile on your face.

Sshhh

SEAWEED
Spanaway
(Hollywood Records)
Supercharged with adrenaline-induced tunes, Seaweed's Hollywood Records debut packs an impressive and powerful punch. The fourth full-length release from these Washingtonians is indeed another great chapter in the style and sound that is...TACOMA! Seaweed projects an energetic sound incomparable to any other band I've heard before, with slamming drums mixed in with a wall of guitars, and Aaron Stauffer's howling voice piercing my our eardrums.

Comparing *Spanaway* to previous Seaweed albums is 'apples and oranges'. If you are someone who enjoys the semi-low-fi grunginess of old Seaweed, you may be disappointed with what you hear. *Spanaway* is full of electrically-charged tracks whose sound quality is head and shoulders above that of *Four, Weak,* and *Despised* (all on Sub Pop).

If you are a speed-junkie in desperate need of a quick adrenaline fix, I recommend picking up *Spanaway*. Just be prepared to feel an uncontrollable urge to bang your head against something as the power that Seaweed projects rushes through your veins. VISUALISE TACOMA!!!

Catfish Corday

SUPERCHUNK
Here's Where the Strings Come In
(Merge)
If you were expecting a new sound or something different from the clean sounds of Superchunk, you will be disappointed by the band's latest release. *Here's Where the Strings Come In* embodies Superchunk's usual sound of melodic pop/punk, with the regular verse/chorus arrangement and, most noticeably, Mac's style of one-sentence repeated choruses.

Not to say that the CD is bad because of this, it's just very Superchunk. Some notable songs are "Green Flowers, Blue Fish", a slower, quieter song that fully culminates for a brief second and then reverts back to its sweet sound. "Certain Stars" is reminiscent of Portastatic's sound (Mac's other band), as it consists of layered guitars and keyboards. Overall, I enjoyed this CD.

Sshhh

SUCKERPUNCH
Carols From the Canyon
(Chemical Sound Recordings)
From Toronto, Suckerpunch is [was actually, they broke up a few weeks ago - ed.] a musically strong, three-piece rockabilly band. *Carols from the Canyon* possesses a great, intense energy, from the powerful guitar riffs to the sexy vocals. Like any good rockabilly band their lyrics are infused with a retro undertone (from lava lamps to Marilyn Monroe), as well as some very sexually suggestive lyrical content.

This album has a great combination of a fast psychobilly pace with a good classic rockabilly swing. If I didn't already own a copy of this CD, I would buy one.

Oh yeah, the band members are cute, too.

Julie Matson

THESE ANGRY MEN
(Come On, Join) The High Society
(Hut/Virgin)
The Clash were angry too... but they had talent.

P. Hofmann

TRUMANS WATER
Milktrain to Paydirt
(Homestead Records)
FUDGE TUNNEL
In a Word
(Earache Records)
Trumans Water's latest album, probably like their previous works, can be simply described as beautiful chaos. The immediate impression one receives is of a formless exploration of tonality, multi-layered mayhem that incites repeated listenings in an effort to decipher each tangential wandering. The most well-known reference points that can be offered are that this band has slight echoes of Pavementhood by way of Sonic Youth, but this is a bit simplistic and does not begin to describe their sound. Trumans Water are excellent noise merchants, mixing different instruments and keys in such a way that each time you listen you'll find something new. To break the album down into individual songs would ruin the effect.

Milktrain to Paydirt will not be to everyone's taste - if you like discordance, experimentation and noise, you probably know about Trumans Water already and need no further encouragement; if you don't, this album is eminently worth a listen, but stick with it rather than throwing up your hands at the absence of melody.

In contrast, Fudge Tunnel's collection of collectibles on *In a Word* sounds overly bound by form. These bottom-heavy blastmeisters deliver a solid LP of loud, heavy rock that will delight any connoisseur of the genre. The main complaint would be the similarity between songs. But, hey, they obviously like what they do and what they do they do well. These songs will not kick-start any neurons in need of thoughtful stimulation, but they will provide a comforting cocoon of plain ol' noise, and sometimes this is just what you need.

Sophie Hamley

VARIOUS ARTISTS
500 Miles To Glory
(Red Devil Records)
In my rich fantasy life, the soundtrack to all the carshows, motorcycle rallies, drag races, and any other automotive event would be the music contained in Gearhead Magazine's *500 Miles to Glory, twelve supercharged*, overdriven, hi-octane rawk tunes from the likes of Nine Pound Hammer, The Fallouts, Supersuckers, Teengenerate and others. All this is nicely packaged and interspersed with some classic Indy 500 audio clips.

My only regret is that, as with all fantasy, reality sets in and I realize that Lynyrd Skynyrd and Southern/Classic rock will always be the ruling force at all such events. I guess the rest of us will have to rely on our walkmans!

Motordaddy

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Oil/Skampilation Vol#1
(Radical Records)
Nineteen tracks of in-your-face ska/oil/hardcore/jazz!! recorded live from the 2-day Oil/Ska Fest at the Grand in NYC. With powerful horn driven bands like Mephiskapheles and the Scofflaws intermixed with the loud sounds of oi bands like Oxblood and the Wretched Ones this might not be for everybody, but if you like your tunes loud - whether they be ska-punk, hardcore oi or old school ska - check this out. Other notable bands include Skavoovie & the Epitones, N.Y. Citizens, the Bouncing Souls, Spring-Heeled Jack, and the great bonus CD track "Ray-gun Sally" by the Slackers.

Ska-T

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Trancesylvania 5
(23 Frankfurt)
The entire 'Trancesylvania' series from 23 Frankfurt has been great, and the legacy continues on *Trancesylvania 5*. The first syllable in the name says it all. This compilation spans two disks, with 27 underground cuts by 27 artists -155 minutes of pumping European

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trance with a dash of progressive house thrown in for variety. All of the tracks will move any crowd to the dance floor.

This compilation is quality from start to finish, with tracks from Felix Da Housecat, Speedy J, DJ Misjah, Laby Doc and the Dentist, Celvin Rotane, Emmanuel Top, Union Jack and many many other reputables. Even Hardfloor drop in with their distinctive 303 mastery on two remix tracks. *Trancesylvania 5* will cost a bit more and it will be hard to find, as all imports are, but go out of your way to find it and roll up that loose change because it's worth every penny. So, when's Trancesylvania 6 coming out?

Brian Wright

THE VERVE
A Northern Soul
(EMI/Vernon Yard)

One would gather that when The Verve were recording *A Northern Soul* an ample supply of substances were within arms length. With their second album, this Brit quartet offers a pastiche of drawn-out, sometimes sloppy psychedelic jams not far removed from The Stone Roses.

Hypnotic guitars and organs wash over loose melodies in a somewhat epic fashion that drags you into The Verve's wonderful Paisley world. A sense of drama encapsulates each song, with guitarist Nick McCabe providing the sonic backdrop for Richard Ashcroft's subdued banshee wail.

Northern Soul has the ability to get under the skin and saturate the pores with its majestic sweep. A rare combination of power and beauty.

P. Hofmann

MARK WHEATON
Plays America's Favorite Award Winning Tunes
(Catasonic Records)

When you first look at the cover of this CD, you get the impression that this is some hack trying to cash in on the Tiki Nation craze. Now, why on God's green earth Mark Wheaton would want to identify himself with this particular trend in music is beyond me, considering that what we actually have here are soundtracks and contributions to what I imagine are highly pretentious theatre and performance pieces.

To tell the truth, the songs here aren't bad, if you like your background music eclectic and experimental. Wheaton tends to run the gamut from off-kilter ambient to what sounds like soundtracks to old silent horror films. ("Baited Trap" is a good example).

Although some of this is extremely annoying (avoid at all costs "Squeeky"), not to mention redundant, I can honestly recommend this to all of you who like your muzak spiked with acid (the drug, not the music).

Keith Courage

WOODEN STARS
The Very Same
(Lunamoth)

The first time I put this album on, I despised it and was prepared to tear it to pieces. Upon subsequent listenings, however, I grew to appreciate it. Musically, this album is all over the map. Influences like Yes, Jethro Tull and other 70's progressive rock bands often rear their ugly heads. Wooden Stars also incorporate the zaniness of John Zorn, the twisted pop sensibilities of Polvo, and the quiet lazy side of Eric's Trip into their music, adding to the stew by using instrumentation like cello, piano, accordion, saxophone and violins, in addition to the standard guitars, bass and drums. While I respect what Wooden Stars are doing, after 60 plus minutes, it tends to get a bit overwhelming.

Fred derf

XYLON
Mooncafe
(Hypnotic)

Apparently, this music is a tribute to a German TV show called *Space Night*, and yes, there is definitely a spacey feel to almost all of this CD. However, there is one misfit track called "Rainforest" which is sprinkled with bird calls and tribal drums, definitely bringing the listener back to terra firma. Meanwhile, all the other tracks are slowly meandering in zero gravity and are filled with void-spanning echoes. It's nothing to get too too excited about, but, overall, Xylon's *Mooncafe* is a rather pleasant chill-out journey and by far the best music I've heard on the Hypnotic label.

Brian Wright

HELP!

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COLUMBIA

charts

november'95 LONG VINYL

1	gob	too late...no friends	mint
2	yale	closed ep	murder
3	thee shatners	thee shatners	planet pimp
4	superchunk	here's where the strings...	merge
5	rancid	and out come the wolves	epitaph
6	various artists	lit from within	nettwerk
7	various artists	a slice of lemon lookout!/kill rock stars	
8	various artists	only bowie	only boy
9	southern culture...skids	dirt track date	geffen
10	sonic youth	washing machine	geffen
11	supersuckers	the sacrilicious sounds	sub pop
12	various artists	give me the cure	radiopaque
13	real mckenzies	real mckenzies	ifa
14	the superfriendz	mock up, scale down	murder
15	young canadians	no escape	zulu
16	screw 32	unresolved childhood issues	wingnut
17	uncle joe's big'ol driver	chick rock	headhunter
18	ani difranco	not a pretty girl	righteous babe
19	various artists	rock for choice - spirit of '73	sony
20	liz phair	juvenilia ep	matador
21	various artists	volume 14: reading special	volume
22	palace music	viva last blues	palace/dragcity
23	mr. t experience	alternative is here...ep	lookout!/mint
24	bum	make it or break it	impossible
25	tattle tale	sew true	st francis
26	the flaming lips	clouds taste metallic	warner
27	sianspheric	somnium	sonic unyon
28	various artists	outpunk dance party	outpunk
29	various artists	the long secret	harriet
30	show business giants	lets have a talk with the dead	virgin
31	dirty three	dirty three	touch & go
32	various artists	oh canada!h!	lance rock
33	treble charger	self-title	sonic unyon
34	phranc	goofyfoot	kill rock stars
35	various artists	darla records summer sampler	darla

november'95 SHORT VINYL 35

1	bikini kill	accordance to natural law	kill rock stars
2	ten days late	out of time	klark
3	poumons	new se	think
4	meow	kat nip	twist like this
5	new bomb turks	sexual dreaming	rise
6	refrigerator	louder than goodbye	squealer
7	couch	haters of couch	bulb
8	moonsocket	accept fear	sub pop
9	nardy girl	nardy girl	no life
10	go sailor	long distance	slumberland
11	pussycat trash	amore	kill rock stars
12	treblecharger/punchbuggy	split	rightwide
13	the fiends	she's not broken	dr. mushroom
14	tullycraft	true blue	harriet
15	nine pound hammer	teenage head	scooch pooch
16	b'ehl/cheerleader	split	endearing
17	the earthlings	dr. drink	independent
18	railroad yerk	bang the drum	matador
19	superstar 26hundred	sell out	independent
20	hello i'm a truck	bad poisonous alien love	snack sac
21	plumtree	water had leaked...	cinnamon toast
22	the astronauts	war of the satellites	shot down
23	gus	heterobesh was flipper	slow to burn
24	queers/sinkhole	split	ringing ear
25	slow gherkin	zen and soccer	join or die
26	the mcrackins	life, hey mikey	shredder
27	super hussy	we are the best	corporate
28	various artists	for paper airplane pilots	papercut
29	teen angels	teen dream	sub pop
30	brand new unit	quick draw richy rich	heart first
31	the hate-bombs	she's the girl	speedometer
32	wandering lucy	really truly	k
33	mark brodie&beaver patrol	shreddin' & surfin'	shredder
34	godzuki/asha vida	split	binavsic
35	litmus green	goin' to town	st. thomas

november'95 INDIE HOME JOBS

1	touch & gos	ugly
2	gaze	p.d.a.
3	squeeky	3
4	brian jonestown massacre	methodrone
5	john korsrud's hard rubber orchestra	iguana
6	the stupes	devilina
7	celestial magenta	wonder why
8	mollies revenge	i wanna b
9	the mysterons	barbeque with elvis
10	euphonix	radio exorcist
11	the deadcats	she devil
12	polar bear	fowled
13	the wheat chiefs	everything
14	lashback	big dump
15	trish kelly	untitled
16	gorp	someone else's mind
17	cool hand luke	david
18	bona fly	headspace
19	the cowardz	touch the fish
20	violet	step on all the cracks
21	the unhappies	peanut guy
22	blisterene	mister right
23	the sweaters	your way or no way
24	queazy	reach for the sky
25	trial	splinter
26	the papillomas	bury
27	groverfur	i like you
28	downer	falling down
29	south of main	b xx
30	blowpipe	heartless
31	hayden	on and on
32	parkas	i'm lying again
33	sunsco	distrust
34	trapazoid	garden of eden
35	alley boys	crying game

HOME BASS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

1	size 9	i'm ready rem	virgin
2	juno reactor	guardian angel	blue room
3	microglobe	the afreuroparemixes	mfs
4	anthony acid	haha	more
5	off and gone	off and gone ep	exist dance
6	technohead	i want to be a hippy	nokum
7	loop guru	duniya	waveform
8	various artists	hardcore terror vol. 1	rumour
9	slab	atomsmasher	h. dukebox
10	lownoise and theo	stars	master max

SKIN TIGHT BUFFOONERY TOP TEN

1	blur	the great escape	emi
2	gene	olympian	polydor
3	aphex twin	donkey rhubarb	warp
4	resistance d	best of	harthouse
5	various artists	help war child	go discs!
6	damon albarn (the singer from blur)		
7	little men who get drunk&sing kiss songs over the phone		
8	percy bysshe shelley		
9	my so-called life re-runs		
10	anything but oasis.		

HOT! WORLD BEAT TOP 10

1	ayala	carnival '95	ice records
2	strunz and farah	heat of the sun	selva
3	jane bunnett	rendez-vous brazil-cuba	justin time
4	beenie man	reggae gold '95	ras
5	gloria estefan	abriendo puertas	sony
6	lawrence martin	message	first nations music
7	byron lee & the dragonaires	soca tatie	vp records
8	nusrat fateh ali khan	the last prophet	realworld
9	la banda gorda	candela pura	mp
10	supercat	the struggle continues	sony

TOP 10 AND SOMETIMES WHY

1	sf seals	truth walks in sleepy shadows	matador
2	freakwater	old paint	thrill jockey
3	silkworm	marcus collins sessions	matador
4	softies	it's love	k
5	emily's sassy lime	right is here	x mas
6	blonde redhead	self titled	smalls like
7	various artists	the long secret	harriet
8	crabs	jackpot!	k
9	gillian anderson sighted at the quintron show!		
10	all pop songs your boyfriend's too stupid to know about.		

LATIN TOP 10

1	hermanos rosario	la duena del swing	karen	
2	proyecto uno	merengue con letra	emi latin	
3	marc anthony	te conozco bien	sony discos	
4	jerry rivera	magia	sony discos	
5	marito rivera & bravo	mar y cielo	fonovisa tropical	
6	gloria estefan	abriendo puertas	epic	
7	grupo kaos	puerto rico	sony tropical	
8	rey ruiz	estamos solos	sony tropical	
9	tito rojas	esperandote	mp	
10	la banda gorda	candela pura	mp	

GRANT LAWRENCE'S TOP TEN JIZZ-SPITTING THUNDER THIGHS

1	rancid	"and out come the wolves" lp (still)
2	rocket from the crypt	'hot charity' ep
3	groovie ghoulies	"best with five hands" 7 inch
4	april march	"chick habit " double 7 inch
5	rocket from the crypt	best live show ever
6	city picnics cafe (corner of Richards & Hastings)	
7	squirtgun	lp
8	free Shindig beer at the Railway Club	
9	"canadian relics"	7 inch
10	sister lovers	demo

EVERYBODY NEEDS A SPARK

BOOK SPACE FOR THE DECEMBER ISSUE BY NOVEMBER 14th

Call THE AD CAPTAIN at 822-3017 (ext.3) for info

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CiTR 101.9 fm

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. Most broadcasting shuns art for incestuous market-music. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open. Hosted by Paul Steenhuisen and Cam McKittrick.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion. Mike Cherry and Peter Williams alternate as hosts.

LUCKY SCRATCH Alternating 3:00-5:00PM Blues ain't nothin' but a good woman feelin' bad. Git down and git back up again - host Anna.

RADIO BLUE WARSAW 5:00-6:00PM Nov. 5: Orkney; Nov. 12 & 19: Marlene Dietrich; Nov, 26: bellydance. Join Kim & Helen in their quest for nacisnka i poezja.

HEATHER'S SHOW 6:00-8:00PM Dedicatated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities..

COBRA 8:00-9:00 jelly candy cobra - 12" of slimy eating fun!

GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the 1990s, Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, Folk Songs, etc. Hosted by J. Dhar, A. Patel and V. Ranjan.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-12:00AM Join host Dave Emory and colleague Nip Tuck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KFJC (Los Altos, California).

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:00AM-4AM Drop yer gear and stay up late. Naked radio for naked people. Get bent. Love Dave.

MONDAYS

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special.

THE STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00 AM-1:00 PM With your hosts the Gourd of Ignorance and Don the Wanderer. What will we play today? Rog will put it away.

MEKANIKAL OBJEKT NOIZE 1:00-3:00PM CiTR's industrial/noise/ambient show, alternating with **SKINTIGHT BUFFOONERY** - wimpy British pop, Beastie Boys, indie guitar swing, and techno thrown in for good measure. Hit your olfactory nerve centre with june_scudeler@mindlink.bc.ca

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00-4:00PM I endeavour to feature dead air, verbal flatulence (only when I speak), a work of music by a twentieth- century composer—can you say minimalist?—and whatever else appeals to me. Fag and dyke positive. Mail in your requests, because I am not a human-answering machine. Got a quarter then call someone who cares.

FEMININE HY-JINX 4:00-5:00PM For women who sometimes don't feel fresh, but always get fresh. Spoken word and music: **light to heavy flow. Maximum protection recommended for male listeners.** Holy Hannah! It's a Femininst show.

BIRDWATCHERS 5:30-6:00PM Join Colin Pereira for all the weekend sports shlock from the high altitudes and thin air of Point Grey.

POLYPHONIC alternating 7:00-9:00PM Listen for all Canadian, mostly independent tunes, and band interviews at 7:30!

Nov. 6: Treble Charger

Nov. 20: tba

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

Nov. 6: As *Showboat** (the musical) is about to become a part of our lives in Vancouver, we'd like to present a Jazz version of the same. Trumpet great Kenny Dorham with an all-star cast to the Kern masterpiece.

Nov.13: *Infinity** is pianist McCoy Tyner's latest and marks his triumphant return to the *Impulse** label. Tyner's working trio plus tenor saxophone great Michael Brecker!

Nov. 20: The return to disc of a long sought-after rarity: *Gloomy Sunday and Other Bright Moments.* A masterful musical essay of the arranging/composing and playing talents of valve-trombonist Bob Brookmeyer and an all-star big band.

Nov. 27: Canadian Jazz legend Lenny Breau tonight. One of the very greatest Jazz guitarists and a true musical genius, Breau performs with bassist Dave Young in a 1983 club date in Toronto.

TUESDAYS

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:00-11:00AM That's right, bub! Punk-pop, surf-slop, and lots more trash for yer can. Tune in to me, Bryce D., for all the crud that's got class every Tuesday morning. Yowza!

MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW 3:00-5:00PM Women in music and grrrls in music; two hours of info and rawk. Ya don't need a penis to be a musical Genius!

IQRA 5:30-6:00PM A half-hour of news, issues, and concerns facing Muslims throughout the world.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Meat the unherd where the unheard and the hordes of hardly herd are heard, courtesy of host and demo director Dale Sawyer. Herd up!

RITMO LATINO 9:00-10:00PM Get on board Vancouver's only tropical fiesta express with your loco hosts Rolando, Romy, and Paulo as they shake it and wiggle it to the latest in Salsa, Merengue, Cumbia and other fiery fiesta favourites. Latin music so hot it'll give you a taste! ¡¡RADIO SABROSA!!

WOLF AT THE DOOR 10:00PM-12:00AM Alternating Tuesdays. Live readings and the latest in techno bizzarro with host Lupus Yonderboy.

AURAL TENTACLES MIDNITE - VERY LATE Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous to your health. Listener discretion is advised. The music, news and 2:00 WWOD hosted by Pierre may not be suitable for the entire family.

WEDNESDAYS

LOVE SUCKS 11:30AM-1:00PM Tune in for the musical catharsis that is Love Sucks. If you can't make sense of it, at least you can dance to it!

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM *We love you . . . but you're a bummer man!*

AND SOMETIMES WHY 7:30-9:00PM yo la tengo, go sailor, bikini kill, delightful little nothings, pansy division . . . these are a few of our love-oh-wit things. La la la!

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:00PM-12:00 AM Let DJ's Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungra! "Chakhh de phutay". Listen to all our favorite Punjabi tunes - remixes and originals. Brraaaah!

THURSDAYS

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30-1:00PM Toques, plaids, backbacon, beer, igloos and beavers.

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby.

TROPICAL DAIQUIRI 2:00-3:00PM Zouk, Soukous, Samba, Salsa. Yes! Even Soca. Enjoy this Tropical Daiquiri with El Doctor del Ritmo.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM

—HARD— —ERIC—

—ERIC— —CORE—

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Roots of rock & roll.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10. Nov. 2: Something Ska

TALES FROM THE INFINITE LIVINGROOM - Alternating with RTY 11:00-1AM Chris Pariah explores the Metanoid states and psycho-sonic scapes of The Infinite Livingroom, that Nth dimensional space between perplexed consciousness and profound absurdity.

FRIDAYS

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN 8:30-10:00AM Greg here. Join me in the love den for a cocktail. We'll hear retro stuff, groovy jazz, and thicker stuff too. See you here . . . and bring some ice. XOXX

TELESIS 10:00-11:00AM Tune in for discussions, interviews & information relating to people who live with physical & mental challenges.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE 11:00AM-12:00PM The hottest, newest, cutest, bestest, raging Ska tunes with Scotty and Julie.

LITTLE TWIN STARS 2:00-3:30 PM Kiki Liki Kiki Liki

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM Have a good brunch!

NATION 2 NATION 6:00-9:00PM Underground sound system-style mastermix radio.

FOR THE RECORD 6:30-6:45PM Excerpts from Dave Emory's *Radio Free America* Series.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM The original live mixed dance program in Vancouver. Hosted by DJ Noah, the main focus of the show is techno, but also includes some trance, acid, tribal, etc... Guest DJ's, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more are part of the flavor of homebass.

LIMP SINK 12:00AM-2:42AM Hosted by the G42 playen. DJ Norm brings you the krunk. Doctor K talks about more krunk. Brought to you by copacetic man surfing the information super doodiddleyooper highway.

Contact: limpsink@broken.ranch.org

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Now in its 10th year on the air, The Edge on Folk features music you won't hear anywhere else, studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, ticket giveaways, etc., plus *World Cup Report* at 11:30 AM, 8-9 AM: African/World roots. 9-12 noon: Celtic music and feature performances.

POWERCHORD 12:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

THE SHOW 6:00-8:00PM Strictly Hip Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl With your hosts Mr. Checka, Flip Out & J Swing on the 1 & 2's.

GROOVE JUMPING 10:00PM-1:00AM Alternating with **MY LITTLE CRIMSON**

SOMETHING 1:00-4:00AM *You can tell by the way I use my walk. I'm a woman's man ...no time to talk.*

WHOM & HOW

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Referendum '96
In Search of Quorum
CiTR UBC Radio
101.9 fm

	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
8							
9	Are you serious music?	Breakfast with the Browns	third time's the charm	Music	musical interludes	Venus Flytrap's Love Den	the SATURDAY EDGE
10				DIGITAL ALARM CHRONOMETER	Radio Free WOMEN	Telesis	
11		the STUPID RADIO SHOW	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE			Ska-t's Scenic Drive	
12	NEWS			love sucks	CANADIAN LUNCH	EARTHWATCH	NEWS
1	ROCKERS SHOW	MEKANIKAL OBJEKT NOIZE	*Rebel Jazz*	girlfood	S&M	*music*	POWER CHORD
2					tropical daiquiri	Little Twin Stars	
3	BRENT ARGO/ Lucky Scratch	Meat-Eating Vegan	Mary Tyler Moore Show	MOTOR DADDY	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARDWUAR/ noiz	AFRICAN SHOW
4		Feminine Hy-Jinx					
5	Radio Blue Warsaw	THE CiTR DINNER REPORT IQRA					hearsay
6	Heather's Show	Flaming Caterpillar	Awara Horse	ESOTERIK	Out For Kicks	NATION 2 NATION	THE SHOW (hiphop)
7		polyphonic/ hip hop habit	UNHEARD MUSIC	and sometimes why	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR		synaptic sandwich
8	cobra						
9	GeeTaNjaLi	THE JAZZ SHOW	RITMO LATINO	AFRICAN VARIETY	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	HOME BASS	Groove Jumping/ My little Crimson
10	ONE STEP BEYOND: RADIO FREE AMERICA		wolf at the door/ witchdoctor highball	str8 outta jallandar	RADIO T.Y./ TALES FROM THE INFINITE LIVINGROOM		
11	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	SCREAMING INCONSISTENCIES	AURAL TENTACLES	THEORY.RFA	fill-in slot from hell	Limp Sink	SOMETHING
12						After Hours Groove	
1							
2							
3							
4							

REGULAR EVENTS

MON: CiTR 101.9FM PRESENTS WORLD VIBES W/EL DOCTO DEL RITMO (WORLD BEAT) AT THE PIT PUB...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K and Czech (jazz, funk, reggae, hip hop) at the Starfish Room...Blue Room w/dj Isis (ambient) at Automotive...80's Dance Night w/dj Brian St. Clair at Graceland...Readings, Music & more at the Grind Gallery (every other Monday at 8pm)...

TUES: CiTR 101.9FM PRESENTS INFUSIA W/DJS GANDORF & CO (JAZZ, SOUL, HIP HOP & FUNK) AT THE PIT PUB...Passion w/djs Lace & Dickey Doo at Richard's On Richards...Aqua w/djs Isis and Markem (ambient) at Benny's Bagels Yaletown...Boogie Ave w/dj Maggee ('70's old school) at the Heritage House Hotel (453 Abbott)...Disco Night at the Commodore...The Greasy Spoon w/Slick at the Hungry Eye...Klassix Night w/dj David Hawkes at Luv Yr Hair...New Wave/Retro 80's Night w/dj Atomic at the Twilight Zone...Aural Fixation at DV8 (poetry - sign-up 7:30, show at 8:00)...The Tongue of the Slip at the Glass Slipper (scheduled readers and open limited open mike - 9pm on the third Tuesday of the month)...

WED: Velvet w/djs T-Bone, Dickey Doo and special guests (deep house) at The Underground...Reggae Night at Graceland w/dj George Barrett...Cat Club w/djs Madness and Ali at the Starfish Room...Ginger Snaps w/dj Mike & Soma and live electronic guests at Mars...Mo' Funk w/ djs Soul Kid & Seren trip hop, acid jazz & funk) at Richard's On Richards...Punk Rock Wednesday w/dj Twigboy at the Twilight Zone...Suck w/dj Czech at Luvafair...Max Murphy Collective at Raffels...Open Mouth (open mic) w/host Carolyn Mark at the Malcolm Lowry Room (9pm - call ahead to read)...

THUR: Sol w/dj Markem and guests (progressive, trance, tribal, hard house) at Graceland...The Bottle w/djs Clarence and David Love Jones (soul, jazz & rare groove) at the Piccadilly...Soul 'n' Funk in the Basement w/dj Marc and guests at the St. Regis (bsmt)...Nocturnal Injection Revelation w/dj Wonderbread at the Twilight Zone...Cat House w/dj Mick Shea (house) at Celebrities...

FRI: NewMindCandy w/dj Lea Haertel and special guests at Graceland...Lowdown w/dj Lovely Lisa and Dick at the St. Regis (bsmt)...Explorations in Outer Bass (ambient) at Melriches Coffee House (1244 Davie)...Planet ov Sound w/James Brown and guests at the World (1-5)...Homo Homer w/dj Jules (house & disco) at the Odyssey...Malebox w/dj Mick Shea (house) at Celebrities...Blitzkrieg (tribal, industrial, goth) at the Twilight Zone...Low Down (funk, jazz, hiphop) at the St. Regis Basement Lounge...

SAT: dj Brian St. Clair (progressive house, techno) at Graceland...Noah's Arc w/dj Noah at the World (1-5)...Yo Mama w/djs KitoCee and J Swing (hip hop) at the Twilight Zone...Bad Boys Night Out w/dj Jules (house) at the Odyssey...djs Storm & Dickey Doo (house) at Celebrities...

SUN: Rewind w/dj Noah (retro rave) at Graceland...Uranus Invades Mars w/djs Dickey Doo and Quest at Mars...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soleils (every other Sun)...dj Jules (house & disco) at the Odyssey...Ska Night w/dj Pig at the Twilight Zone...Movie Night at the Railway Club...Pressing Poetry at the Press Club (7:30)

IRREGULAR EVENTS

WED 1 Bootsy Collins and his Rubber Band at the Commodore...Daytona at the Railway Club...Circus in Flames & Blind Truth at the Gastown Music Hall...The Incredibly True Adventures of Two Girls in Love & Jeffrey at the Ridge...Antonioni's L'Eclisse at the Pacific Cinematheque...

THURS 2 Belly & the Catherine Wheel at the Commodore...Yellow Belly at the Hungry Eye...Bum & the Monoxides at the Pit Pub...Daytona at the Railway Club...Red Sugar,Billy Butcher & the Soldiers of Misfortune at the Gastown Music Hall...No Mona & Chris Smith at the Malcolm Lowry Room...International Animation Association Screening at the Edison Electric Gallery (7pm)...The Incredibly True Adventures of Two Girls in Love and Jeffrey at the Ridge...Abbas Kiarostrami's Through the Olive Trees and Bai Yong-Kyun's Why Has the Bodhi-Dharma Left for the East? at the Pacific Cinematheque...Bolluck's Books One in Ten reading series: Out West theatre group & their play Plague of the Gorgeous at 7:30pm...

FRI 3 CiTR 101.9FM PRESENTS THE WATCHMEN AND SANDBOX AT THE COMMODORE...SNFU & Bracket at the Town Pump...The Monoxides at the Hungry Eye...Zumpano & Detroyer at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Pure CD release party with special guest Ralph Alfonso at the Gastown Music hall...DDT at the Rage...Tabu Ley Rochereau at the Starfish Room...Clive Gregson at the W.I.S.E. HALL...Spike and Mike's 1995 Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation at the Ridge...Why Has the Bodhi-Dharma Left for the East? and Through the Olive Trees at the Pacific Cinematheque...The Agony of Arousal - Short Films by Mike Hoolboom & World Premiere of Shooting Blanks at Edison Electric...

SAT 4 SNFU & Sublime at the Town Pump 2pm (ALL-AGES)...Sublime at the Town Pump (late show)...Opium Underground and Motherson with Bonesaw at the Hungry Eye...The Deadcats with Roach Motel at the Gastown Music Hall...Rootabeggars and a Few Roosters at the Gastown Music Hall...Ngomo & Lux Indigo at the Starfish Room...Mudlarks & Zso Zso at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Sonic Youth & Bikini Kill at Carver Gym (Western Washington University, Bellingham, 8pm)...Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation at the Ridge...Through the Olive Trees and Why Has the Bodhi-Dharma Left for the East? at the Pacific Cinematheque...The Agony of Arousal at Edison Electric...

SUN 5 HAPPY GUY FAWKES DAY...Women in Music Dance - starring women of R&B, Tribute to Motown, Ladies Don't Drum at the Commodore...Why Has the Bodhi-Dharma Left for the East? and Through the Olive Trees at the Pacific Cinematheque...Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation at the Ridge...

MON 6 The Chieftains w/the VSO at the Orpheum...Through the Olive Trees and 'Why Has the Bodhi-Dharma Left for the East? at the Pacific Cinematheque...An Awfully Big Adventure and A Chorus of Disapproval at the Ridge...

TUES 7 CiTR 101.9FM PRESENTS SHINDIG AT THE RAILWAY CLUB W/ JOHNNY MILLENNIUM, VERONICA AND POLAR BEAR...DSK, d.b.s., & Torture Animals at Gregs Place (Chilliwack)...An Awfully Big Adventure and A Chorus of Disapproval at the Ridge...

WED 8 Reef at the Town Pump...Susan Crowe and Cate Friesen at the Glass Slipper...The Postman and Mediterraneo at the Ridge...Lucino Visconti's Sandra at the Pacific Cinematheque...

THURS 9 Laura Love at the Commodore...Silly Rabbit with Junk at the Pit Pub...The Rentals & Figdish at the Starfish Room...No Mona & Dick n'Jane at the Gastown Music Hall...The Sugar Beats at the Malcolm Lowry Room...The Postman and Mediterraneo at the Ridge...Jan Svankmayer: Alchemist of the Surreal: Short Program I and Svankmayer's Alice at the Pacific Cinematheque...Prof Zio at 9pm at Edison Electric...Bolluck's Books One in Ten reading series: selections from Queer View Mirror at 7:30pm...

FRI 10 Skydiggers & Weeping Tile at the Commodore...Seam at the Starfish Room...Electrofixion, Echobelly & the Dandy Warhols at the Town Pump...Circus in Flames & Bdroom at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Chanticleer at the Orpheum...Coco Love at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...Matthew Grod Band with Holly McNorland at the Gastown Music Hall...Circus In Flames & Bedroom at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Spike and Mike's 1995 Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation at the Ridge...Svankmayer programme at the Pacific Cinematheque...Eric Saks in person at Edison Electric...

SAT 11 d.b.s. at the New York Theatre (ALL-AGES)...the smalls at the Starfish Room...Matthew Sweet, Lloyd Cole & Ivy at the Commodore...The Beat Farmers at the Town Pump...The Deadcats & Roach Motel at the Gastown Music Hall...Parade & Spiritual Heroine at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Lowen & Navarro at the Town Pump...Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation at the Ridge...Svankmayer programme at the Pacific Cinematheque...Eric Saks in person at Edison Electric...

SUN 12 CiTR 101.9FM PRESENTS PERFUME TREE, PARADE & WAVE AT THE STARFISH ROOM...Mercury Rev at the Town Pump...Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation at the Ridge...Mike Hoolboom's House of Pain and Pasolini's Salo, or the 120 Days of Sodom at the Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 13 A Man of No Importance and Country Life at the Ridge...House of Pain and 'Salo' at the Pacific Cinematheque...

TUES 14 CiTR 101.9FM PRESENTS SHINDIG AT THE RAILWAY CLUB W/READYMADE, GLEAM AND TECHNICIANS OF THE SACRED...All Star Rock & Roll Benefit Tour (Randy Bachman, Felix Cavaliere, Mark Farmer, Billy Preston) at the Commodore...Seven Mary Three with guests Silias Loader at the Town Pump...DDT, Blue Beard & Wig at Gregs Place (Chilliwack)...A Man of No Importance and Country Life at the Ridge...

WED 15 Billy Bragg & Tiddas at the Commodore...A Little Voodoo at the Gastown Music Hall...Banff Festival of Mountain Films at the Ridge...Marco Bellochhio's Fists in the Pocket at the Pacific Cinematheque...

THURS 16 Big Sugar at the Commodore...Ash, China Drum & Ma Knife at the Pit Pub...Peel & Lindy at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Banff Festival of Mountain Films at the Ridge...Jan Svankmayer: Alchemist of the Surreal: Short Program II +Jan Svankmayer; Animator of Prague and Svankmayer's Faust at the Pacific Cinematheque...

FRI 17 Econoline Crush at the Commodore...Moxy Fruvous at Town Pump...Mecca Normal & Peter Jeffries at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Van Pelt Trio and Ad Nauseum with Ralph Alfonso at the Press Club...Spike and Mike's 1995 Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation at the Ridge...Svankmayer programme at the Pacific Cinematheque...Eric Sks' Forevermore: Biography of a Leach Lord at 8 & 10pm at Edison Electric...

SAT 18 : CiTR 101.9FM PRESENTS THE SMUGGLERS, THE SUPERFRIENDZ, ZUMPANO, SQUEEKY AND THE TONEBURSTS AT THE ST. JAMES COMMUNITY SQUARE (ALL-AGES)...Southern Culture on the Skids with Big Sandy and His Fly-Rite Boys at the Starfish Room...Moxy Fruvous at the Town Pump...Olympia 66, Blue & Thrill Squad at the Press Club...Gate & 2 Foot Flame at the Malcolm Lowry Room...J.Knutson with Jeremy Greenhouse at the Gastown Music Hall...Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation at the Ridge...Svankmayer programme at the Pacific Cinematheque...Mercedes Sosa, 'Gestures of Love' at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre...Eric Saks' 'Forevermore: Biography of a Leach Lord' at 8 & 10pm at Edison Electric...

SUN 19 Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation at the Ridge...Rauni Mollberg double: The Earth is a Sinful Song and Pretty Good for a Human Being at the Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 20 Jane Siberry at St. Andrew's Wesley Church...Double Happiness and Tokyo Cowboy at the Ridge...Rauni Mollberg double bill at the Pacific Cinematheque...

TUES 21 CiTR 101.9FM PRESENTS SHINDIG AT THE RAILWAY CLUB W/SUGARCANDY MOUNTAIN, KNOCKIN' DOG AND 1000 STAMPS...John Hiatt at the Commodore...The Pasties, Noise Therapy, B.R.S. at Greg's Place...Double Happiness and Tokyo Cowboy at the Ridge...

WED 22 Blue Rodeo at the Commodore...G.Love & Special Sauce at the Starfish Room...Belle de Jour and Grosse Fatige at the Ridge...Pasolini's Medea at the Pacific Cinematheque...

THURS 23 Blue Rodeo & Crash Vegas at the Commodore...Skunk Anansie, DSK & Minority at the Pit Pub...Ralph Alfonso and the Immigrants at the Railway Club...Belle de Jour and Grosse Fatigue at the Ridge...Jerry Leger Trio at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Atom Egoyan's Exotica followed by lecture presentation by Imre Szemon: 'The Aesthetic Cinema of Atom Egoyan' at the Pacific Cinematheque...

FRI 24 Blue Rodeo at the Commodore...Waltons at the Town Pump...Ralph Alfonso and the Immigrants at the Railway Club...Philosopher Kings at Richard's on Richards...Swank at teh Malcolm Lowry Room...Spike and Mike's 1995 Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation at the Ridge...Michael Powell & Emeric Pressburger double: Black Narcissus and I Know Where I'm Going at the Pacific Cinematheque...A Particular Class of Women by Janet Feindel at Station Street 2nd Stage (Thurs-Sat at 9:15pm until Dec 16)...

SAT 25 Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation at the Ridge...Michael Powell & Emeric Pressburger double bill at the Pacific Cinematheque...Ray Condo T the Malcolm Lowry Room...

SUN 26 Jimmy Witherspoon/Duke Robillard/Long John Baldry at Richard's on Richards...Ashley MacIsaac at the Rage...The Nylons at the Massey Theatre...Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation at the Ridge...Rauni Mollberg's The Unknown Soldier at the Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 27 The Secret of Roan Inish and Muriel's Wedding' at the Ridge...Blue Rodeo at the Commodore...The Unknown Soldier at the Pacific Cinematheque...

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT EVERYWHERE YOU WANT TO GO

The Abyss 315 E. Broadway (side entrance)	488 6219
Alma Street Cafe 2505 Alma (at Broadway)	222 2244
Anza Club 3 W. 8th (Mount Pleasant)	876 7128
Arts Hotline	684 2787
Bassix 217 W Hastings (at Cambie)	689 7734
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island)	687 1354
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th (at MacDonald)	732 5087
Cafe Deux Solails 2096 Commercial (the Drive)	254 1195
Cafe Vieux Montreal 317 E. Broadway (Mount Pleasant)	873 1331
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall)	683 6099
Cellar Jazz 1022 Davie (at Burrard)	689 3180
The China Club, 1471 NW 85th St., Seattle	789 6903
The Clubhouse 400 Industrial	681 7972
Club NRG 3699 Powell (Gastown)	681 5446
CN Imax Theatre 999 Canada Place	682 4629
Commodore Ballroom 870 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 7838
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1531
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova (Gastown)	683 5637
Crosstown Traffic 316 W Hastings (downtown)	669 7573
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman (West Enrrrd)	683 2201
DV8 515 Davie (downtown)	682 4388
Edison Electric Gallery/Cafe 916 Commercial (the Drive)	255 4162
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main)	689 0926
Front Nat Bombs Vancouver	872 6719
Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC)	822 2678
Gastown Theatre 36 Powell (Gastown)	684 MASK
Gastown Music Hall 6 Powell (Gastown)	685 1333
Glass Slipper 271 E Prince (Mount Pleasant)	877 0066
Graceland 1250 Richards (downtown)	688 2648
Greg's Place 45844 Yale Rd. (Chilliwack)	795 3334
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant)	322 6057
Hastings Community Centre 2096 E. Hastings (near PNE)	253 2606
Hemp B.C. 324 W. Hastings (downtown)	681 4620
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano)	738 3211
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	873 4131
Hungry Eye 23 W. Cordova (Gastown)	688 5351
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey)	224-8007
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive)	251 6626
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott (Gastown)	685 7777
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour (downtown)	685 3288
Ivy Theatre 57 E. Hastings (Gastown)	
Malcolm Lowry Room 4125 E. Hastings (N. Burnaby)	685 0143
Mars 1320 Richards (downtown)	230 MARS
Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown)	688 8701
New York Theatre 639 Commercial (the Drive)	254 3545
Niagara Hotel Pub 435 W. Pender (downtown)	688 7574
Odyssey Imports 534 Seymour (downtown)	669 6644
Old American Pub 928 Main (downtown)	682 3291
Orpheum Theatre Smithe & Seymour (downtown)	665 3050
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown)	731 3456
Paradise 27 Church (New West)	525 0371
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1732
Pat Quinn's 2440 Cambie (South Vancouver)	876 2747
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour)	682 3221
Pit Pub basement, Student Union Building (UBC)	822 6273
Pitt Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown)	681 6740
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall)	685 7050
Rattlesnake Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown)	473 1593
The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations)	685 5585
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir (at Seymour)	681 1625
Richard's On Richards 1036 Richards (downtown)	687 6794
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 16th Ave.)	738 6311
Romper Room 639 Commercial (the Drive)	254 3545
Russian Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown)	874 6200
Scratch Records 317A Cambie (Gastown)	687 6355
Scratch Records Candy Shop 4198 Main (at 26th)	876 7463
Starfish Room 1055 Homer (downtown)	682 4171
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End)	689 0096
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main)	688 3312
St. Regis Hotel 602 Dunsmuir (downtown)	
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown)	681 8915
Town Pump 66 Water Street (Gastown)	683 6695
Track Records 552 Seymour (downtown)	682 7976
Tree House Lounge 602 Dunsmuir St. (downtown)	871 3090
Twilight Zone 7 Alexander (Gastown)	682 8550
UBC CINEMA (located in the SUB)	822 3697
UBC Grad Centre Gate 4 (UBC)	822 0999
The Underground 1082 Granville (downtown)	254 9578
Vancouver East Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria)	876-4165
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	738 7015
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville)	822 2335
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey)	872-2999
Vert 2412 Main (Mt Pleasant)	872 8337
Video In Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	257 6205
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)	685 6217
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.)	254 5858
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive)	732 4128
Women In Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano)	738 9253
Yale Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown)	681 9253
Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano)	738 3232

SUBMISSIONS FOR DATEBOOK ARE **FREE!** TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVENT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822 9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK". DEADLINE FOR THE NOVEMBER ISSUE IS OCTOBER 20!

HMV HOT TICKETS

IN CONCERT

THE SKYDIGGERS
November 10
The Commodore

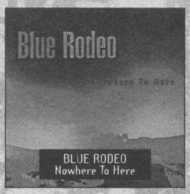
WEEPING TILE
November 10
The Commodore

ELECTRAFIXION
November 10
Town Pump

ASH
November 16
UBC Pit Pub

MOXY FRÜVOUS
November 17-18
Town Pump

JANE SIBERRY
November 20
St. Andrews Church



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November 22-24
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Thurs and Fri	10:30—9:00
Sat	9:30—6:30
Sun	12:00—6:00

Boss Hog
◉ *Boss Hog*

Lookout! **Boss Hog** just came on stage, casting a sharp New York cool that fills the air. Broadcast from every gesture with sly, smirking attitude—one that belies their otherwise simple, glossy *Details* glamour. Captivating — and oh boy can they rock. Now on DGC, **Cristina** and crew (yup, featuring one **J. Spencer**) swagger all over the place with strident confidence and an experienced bad-assed hipness so addictive that compulsive complicity (to the 'rock') is inevitable. Just try to sit still.

CD 16.98 Cassette 10.98

Air Miami
◉ *Me Me Me*

Distressed by **Unrest**'s departure? Don't worry. Think of **Air Miami** as **Unrest**'s inter-continental twin only not just reflected but significantly reinvented. Nomenclature adventurism aside, **Bridget Cross** and **Mark Robinson**, now joined by **Gabriel Stout** on drums, continue to expand their pop portfolio with a charming combination of familiar programs and broad exploration. Not afraid of experimentation, **Air Miami** take off from where **Unrest**...landed?

CD 16.98

Eric Matthews
◉ *It's Heavy In Here*

Poignantly titled ***The Sound and Talent of 1995... Here Today***, **Eric Matthews**' first solo full-length presents fourteen songs well steeped in melody, harmony and soul. **Matthews**, a major player in **Cardinal**, here refines his pop sensibility, including horns and strings, into a cooly concise debut guaranteed to place him amongst the **Lou Barlow**s and **Nick Drake**s of this and every other world.

CD 16.98

various
◉ *Red Hot + Bothered: Indie Rock Guide To Dating*

It's finally here!...a compilation of three separate 6-song collections previously only available on 10". Featuring songs by **Built To Spill**, **Grifters**, **Gastr Del Sol**, **Folk Implosion**, **The Sea + Cake**, and fifteen others, this collection is a must have. In what other purchase can you help in raise AIDS awareness, help out your sex life, and get a load of great music to boot!

CD 16.98

Rocket From The Crypt
◉ *Scream, Dracula, Scream!*

Much like **Sweet** and **Mott The Hoople** were AM radio darlings to the '70s, so should **Rocket From The Crypt** be to the '90s. Owing just as much to those bands and Album Oriented Radio as well as to their own ever-evolving take on riff-rock, **RFTC** make superb use of major label production to take their powerhouse, frilled and relentless rock to the next level. All dressed up and ready to go!

CD 16.98 Cassette 10.98

Red Red Meat
◉ *Bunny Gets Paid*

Red Red Meat present no simple back-porch aesthetic. Their diverse (rock/blues/country) sound has the atmosphere of a big city alley at 3:00 am or of the day after a funeral. A sound overcome by the glorious misery of an ambivalent morning's grey haze, witnessed after an insomnious night spent listening to **Ry Cooder** at a slow speed while drunk on whiskey. Complemented by an extended band and excellent production, ***Bunny Gets Paid*** approximates the sombre yet raw feel of **Big Star**'s ***Sister Lovers***. A second fine release for the Sub Pop label.

CD 14.98 Cassette 9.98

NoMeansNo
◉ *The Worldhood Of The World (As Such)*

Local legends **NoMeansNo** return with their first full length in two years! This one features first round draft choice, **Tom Holliston** (from **The Hanson Brothers**) in the guitar position, who along with **Rob** and **John** crank out shorter, more concise numbers to make this their strongest hit since ***Wrong***. A ***World*** class act from our own backyard!

CD 14.98 Cassette 9.98 (avail. mid-Nov.)

The Magnetic Fields
◉ *Get Lost*

Most recently noted as the mastermind behind supergroup **The 6th's**, **Stephen Merrit**, armed with his array of computer sequenced pop gadgetry, continues on this his fourth album to crank out highly catchy, heavenly hits. So come get drawn into **The Magnetic Fields**!

CD 16.98 Cassette 10.98

Hey! New Releases from MATADOR

2 Foot Flame
◉ *2 Foot Flame*

A supergroup of sorts, **2 Foot Flame** includes a triage of influential and creative artists...namely **Jean Smith** (**Mecca Normal**), **Peter Jefferies** (**This Kind Of Punishment**), and **Michael Morley** (**The Dead C.**). Showing that the total can indeed by greater than the sum of its parts, this record definitely demonstrates the proficiency of the artists involved.

CD 14.98 Cassette 9.98

Pizzicato Five
◉ *The Sound Of Music By Pizzicato Five*

Witness the second full length release by Japan's suave sensation **Pizzicato Five**. ***The Sound Of Music By Pizzicato Five*** is the perfect complement to today's global village jet-set attitudes. Touch down with **Pizzicato Five**'s most exalted blend of groove-cocktail mix etc. We assure you the treatment is first class.

CD 14.98 Cassette 10.98
2 LPs 12.98

Plus Other Matador Favourites On Sale And In Concert This November!

Railroad Jerk
◉ *One Track Mind*

Friday November 24th
@ the Starfish Room

Guided By Voices
◉ *Alien Lanes*

Sunday December 3rd @ the Commodore Ballroom (with Urge Overkill)

S.F. Seals
◉ *Truth Walks In Sleepy Shadows*

Wednesday November 29th
@ Harpo's (Victoria)

Thursday November 30th
@ the Starfish Room

So come in and check out each of these three titles, on sale this month:
CD 14.98 Cassette 9.98

OTHER NEW TITLES OF NOTE!

Eno/Jah Wobble
◉ *Spinner* CD

Tindersticks
◉ *Live At The Bloomsbury Theatre* CD + Vinyl

Cocteau Twins
◉ *Otherness* CD-EP + Vinyl

Oasis
◉ *Wonderwall* CD-EP

Mountain Goats
◉ *9 Black Poppies* CD

P.J. Harvey
◉ *Bring His Love To Me* (2 different C-EPs)

Black Dog
◉ *Parallel* CD + Vinyl

Stereolab
◉ *Refried Ectoplasm* CD + Vinyl

various
◉ *A Testimonial Dinner* CD (XTC tribute)

various
◉ *XFM 104.9* CD (previously unreleased Tindersticks, Sebadoh, Oasis, etc.)

7 Seconds
◉ *The Music The Message* CD

Shamen
◉ *Arbor Bona Arbor Mala* CD+ Vinyl

UPCOMING GIGS!

Daytona
Railway Club
Wednesday November 1st
Thursday November 2nd

Perfume Tree
Starfish Room
Sunday November 12th with guests Parade (from Toronto)

knock-down-ginger
treehouse lounge
Saturday November 16th with Pavement, Hole and Aerosmith (Ha ha, just kidding. knock-down-ginger is actually on tour!)

All sale prices in effect until November 30th, 1995.